THE TOWN-FOPP:

OR

Sir Timothy Tawdrey.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at his Royal Highneſs the

DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

Licenſed *September* 20. 1676.

ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,

Printed by *T. N.* for *James Magnes* and *Rich. Bentley* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-garden* near the *Piazza's.*

M. DC. LXXVII.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Plotwell	
Bellmour	Nephew to the Lord *Plotwell*, Contracted to *Celinda*.
Charles	Brother to *Bellmour*.
Friendlove	Brother to *Celinda*, in Love with *Diana*.
Sir Timothy Tawdrey	A Fopp Knight, design'd to Marry *Celinda*.
Sham / *Sharp*	Hangers on to *Sir Timothy*.
Trusty	An old Steward to *Bellmour*'s Family.
Page and Dancers, and Servants.	
The Lady Diana	Neece to the Lord *Plotwell*.
Celinda	Sister to *Friendlove*, Contracted to *Bellmour*.
Phillis	Sister to *Bellmour*.
Betty Flauntit	kept by *Sir Timothy*.
Driver	A Bawd.
Jenny / *Doll*	Two Whores.
Nurse.	

SCENE Covent-Garden.

PROLOGUE.

AS Countrey Squire who yet had never known
The long expected joy of being in Town;
Whose careful Parents scarce permitted Heir
To Ride from Home unless to Neighbouring Fair:
At last by happy Chance is hither led
To purchase Clap with loss of Maidenhead;
Turns wond'rous Gay, bedizen'd to Excess,
Till he is all Burlesque in Mode and Dress:
Learns to talk loud in Pit, grows Wily too,
That is to say, makes mighty Noise, and Show.
So a young Poet who had never been
Dabling beyond the height of Ballading;
Who, in his brisk Essayes, durst ne're excel
The lucky flight of Rhiming Dogerel,
Sets up with this sufficient Stock, on Stage,
And has, perchance, the luck to please the Age:
He draws you in, like cozening Citizen,
Cares not how bad the Ware, so Shop be fine.
As tawdry Gown and Petticoat gain more
(Tho' on a dull diseas'd ill-favor'd Whore)
Than prettier Frugal, tho' an Holy-day,
When every City Spark has leave to Play,
——Damn Her she must be Sound She is so Gay.
So let the Scenes be fine, you'll ne're inquire
For Sence, but lofty flights in nimble Wire.
——*What we Present to Day is none of these;*
But we cou'd wish it were, for we wou'd please,
And that you'll swear we hardly meant to do:
Yet here's no Sence; Pox on't, but here's no Show;
But a plain Story, that will give a taste
Of what your Grandsires lov'd i'th' Age that's past.

THE TOWN-FOPP: OR Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY.

ACT. I.

Scene 1. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham *and* Sharpe.

Sir Tim. HEreabouts is the House wherein dwells, the Mistriss of my heart; For she has money Boyes, mind me, money in abundance, or she were not for me—the Wench her self is good natur'd, and inclin'd to be civil, but a Pox on't—She has a Brother a conceited Fellow, whom the world mistakes for a fine Gentleman, for he has Travell'd, talks Languages, bows with a *bone meine*, and the rest, but by fortune he shall entertain you with nothing but words—

Sham. Nothing else? ——

Sir Tim. No — He's no Countrey Squire Gentlemen, will not Game, Whore, nay, in my Conscience you will hardly get your selves Drunk in his Company — He Treats A-la-mode, half Wine, half Water, and the rest — But to the business, this Fellow loves his Sister dearly, and will not trust her in this lewd Town, as he calls it, without him, and hither he has brought her to marry me.

Sham. A Pox upon him for his pains ——

Sir Tim. So say I — But my comfort is, I shall be as weary of her, as the best Husband of 'em all — But there's convenience in it; besides, the match being as good as made up by the old Folks in the Countrey, I must submit —— The Wench I never saw yet, but they say she's handsom — But no matter for that, there's Money, my Boyes!

Sharp. Well Sir, we will follow you —— but as dolefully as people do their Friends to the Grave, from whence they're never to return, at least not the same substance, the thin aiery Vision of a brave Good Fellow, we may see thee hereafter, but that's the most.

Sir Tim. Your pardon, sweet *Sharp*, my whole design in it is to be Master of my self, and with part of her Portion to set up my Miss, *Betty Flaunty*, which, by the way, is the main end of my Marrying, the rest you'll have your shares of —— Now I am forc'd to take you up Suits at treble Prizes, have damn'd Wine and Meat put upon us, 'cause the Reckoning is to be Book'd: But ready Money ye Rogues! What Charms it has! Makes the Waiters slie Boyes, and the Master with Cap in hand--excuse what's amiss, Gentlemen ——Your Worship shall command the best--and the rest —How briskly the Box and Dice dance, and the ready Money submits to the lucky Gamester, and the gay Wench consults with every Beauty to make her self agreeable to the Man with ready Money. In fine, dear Rogues! All things are sacrific'd to it's pow'r; and no Mortal conceives the joy of, Argent Content. 'Tis this pow'rful God that makes me submit to the Devil Matrimony; and then thou art assur'd of me, my stout Lads of brisk Debauch.

Sham. And is it possible you can be ty'd up to a Wife? Whil'st here in *London*, and free, you have the whole World to range in, and like a wanton Heifer, eat of every Pasture.

Sir Tim. Why dost think I'll be confin'd to my own dull Enclosure? No, I had rather feed coarsly upon the boundless Common, perhaps two or three dayes I may be in Love, and remain constant, but that's the most.

Sharp. And in three Weeks, should you Wed a *Cimbia*, you'd be a Monster.

Sir Tim. What, thou meanest a Cuckold, I warrant? God help thee! But a Monster is only so from its Rarity, and a Cuckold is no such strange thing in our Age.

Enter Bellmour *and* Friendlove.

But who comes here?
Bellmour! Ah my little dear Rogue! How dost thou!
——*Ned Friendlove* too! Dear Lad, how dost thou too?
Why welcome to Town i'faith, and I'm glad to see you both.

Friend. Sir Tim. Tawdrey! ——

Sir Tim. The same, by fortune, dear *Ned*; And how, and how Man, how go matters?

Friend. Between who Sir?

Sir Tim. Why any body Man: But, by fortune, I'm overjoy'd to meet thee: But where dost think I was going?

Friend. Is't possible one should divine?

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Is't possible you shou'd not, and meet me so near your Sisters Lodgings? Faith I was coming to pay my Respects and Services, and the rest — Thou know'st my meaning — The old business of the Silver World *Ned*; by Fortune it's a mad Age, we live in *Ned*, and here be so many —— wicked Rogues, about this damn'd lewd Town, that 'Faith I am fain to speak, in the vulgar modish stile, in my own defence, and Rally Matrimony, and the rest.

Friend. Matrimony! —— I hope you are so exactly refin'd a Man of the Town, that you will not offer once to think of so dull a thing, let that alone for such cold complexions as *Bellmour* here, and I that have not attain'd to that most excellent faculty of keeping yet, as you, *Sir Timothy*, have done, much to your glory, I assure you.

Sir Tim. Who I Sir? You do me much Honour: I must confess I do not find the softer Sex cruel; I am received as well as another Man of my Parts.

Friend. Of your Money, you mean Sir.

Sir Tim. Why Faith *Ned*, thou art i'th' right, I love to buy my pleasure, for, by Fortune, there's as much pleasure in Vanity and Variety, as any Sins I know; What think'st thou *Ned?*

Friend. I am not of your mind, I love to love upon the square; and that I may be sure not to be cheated with false Ware, I present 'em nothing but my heart.

Sir Tim. Yes, and have the consolation, of seeing your frugal Huswifery Miss, sit in the Pit, at a Play, in a long Scarf, and Night-gown, for want of Points, and Garniture.

Friend. If she be clean, and pretty, and dress't in Love, I can excuse the rest, and so will she.

Sir Tim. I vow to Fortune *Ned*, thou must come to *London*, and be a little manag'd: 'Slife Man, should'st thou talk so aloud in good Company, thou would'st be counted a strange Fellow, Pretty —and dress't with Love —a fine Figure, by Fortune; No, *Ned*, the painted Chariot gives a Lustre, to every ordinary Face, and makes a Woman, look like Quality; ay, so like, by Fortune, that you shall not know one from t'other, till some scandalous, out-of-favor'd-laid-aside-Fellow of the Town, cry —— Damn her, for a Bitch — how scornfully the Whore regards me —— She has forgot since *Jack* — such a one, and I, club'd for the keeping of her, when both our Stocks, well manag'd, wou'd not amount to above seven shillings six pence a week; besides now and then a Treat of a Breast o' Mutton, from the next Cooks — Then the other laughs, and cryes — I — Rott her — And tells his Story too, and concludes with who manages the Gilt now? Why Faith some dismal Coxcomb or other, you may be sure, replies the first: But *Ned*, these are Rogues, and Rascals that value no Mans Reputation, because they despise their own: But Faith I have laid aside all these vanities, now I have thought of Matrimony; but I desire my Reformation may be a secret, because, as you know for

Man of my Addreſs, and the reſt —— 'Tis not altogether ſo Jantee.

Friend. Sir, I aſſure you, it ſhall be ſo great a Secret for me, that I will never ask you who the happy Woman is, that's choſen for this great work of your Converſion.

Sir Tim. Ask me! —— No, you need not, becauſe you know already.

Friend. Who I? I proteſt *Sir Timothy* ——

Sir Tim. No Swearing, dear *Ned*, for 'tis not ſuch a Secret, but I will truſt my Intimates; theſe are my Friends, *Ned*; pray know them ——, This Mr *Sham* and this—by fortune, a very honeſt Fellow [*Bows to 'em.*] Mr *Sharp*, and may be truſted with a buſineſs that concerns you as well as me.

Friend. Me? What do you mean *Sir Timothy?*

Sir Tim. Why Sir, you know what I mean.

Friend. Not I Sir.

Sir Tim. What, not that I am to marry your Siſter *Celinda?*

Friend. Not at all.

Bell. O this unſufferable Sott! [*Aſide.*

Friend. My Siſter, Sir, is very nice.

Sir Tim. That's all one, Sir, the old People have adjuſted the matter, and they are the moſt proper for a Negotiation of that kind, which ſaves us the trouble of a tedious Courtſhip.

Friend. That the old People have agreed the matter, is more than I know.

Sir Tim. Why Lord Sir, will you perſuade me to that? don't you know that your Father (according to the method in ſuch caſes, being certain of my Eſtate) came to me thus--*Sir Timothy Tawdrey!* -- You are a young Gentleman, and a Knight, I knew your Father well, and my right worſhipful Neighbor, our Eſtates lie together, therefore Sir, I have a deſire to have a near Relation with you — At which, I interrupted him, and cry'd —Oh Lord Sir! I vow to Fortune, you do me the greateſt Honour Sir, and the reſt ——

Bell. I can endure no more, he marry fair *Celinda?*

Friend. Prethee let him alone. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. To which he anſwer'd—I have a good Fortune—Have but my Son *Ned*, and this Girl, call'd *Celinda*, whom I will make a Fortune, ſuitable to yours, your honoured Mother, the Lady *Tawdrey*, and I, have as good as concluded the match already. To which I (who, tho I ſay it, am well enough bred for a Knight) anſwer'd the Civility thus——, I vow to Fortune Sir — I did not ſwear, but cry'd — I proteſt Sir, *Celinda*, deſerves—no, no, I lye again, 'twas merits —— I, *Celinda*—, merits a much better Husband than I.

Friend. You ſpeak more truth than you are aware of. [*Aſide.*

Well Sir, I'll bring you to my Siſter, and if ſhe likes you, as well as my

Father

Father does, she's yours; otherwise, I have so much tenderness for her, as to leave her choice free.

Sir Tim. Oh Sir you Compliment. *Alons, Entrons.* [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2. *A Chamber.*

Enter Celinda, *and* Nurse.

Cel. I wonder my Brother stayes so long; sure Mr *Bellmour* is not yet arriv'd, yet he sent us word he would be here to day. Lord how impatient I grow.

Nur. Ay, so methinks if I had the hopes of enjoying so sweet a Gentleman, as Mr *Bellmour*, I shou'd be so too —— But I am past it —— Well, I have had my pantings, and heavings, my impatience, and qualms, my heats, and my colds, and my I know not whats — But I thank my stars, I have done with all those Fooleries.

Cel. Fooleries! ——
Is there any thing in life but Love?
Wou'dst thou praise Heaven for thy Being,
Without that grateful part of it?
For I confess I Love.

Nur. You need not, your sighs, and daily (nay, and nightly too) disorders, plainly enough betray the truth.

Cel. Thou speak'st as if it were a Sin;
But if it be so, you your self help'd to make me wicked.
For e're I saw Mr *Bellmour*, you spoke the kindest things of him,
As would have mov'd the dullest Maid to Love;
And e're I saw him, I was quite undone.

Nur. Quite undone! Now God forbid it: What, for Loving?
You said but now there was no life without it.

Cel. But since my Brother came from *Italy*,
And brought young *Bellmour* to our house,
How very little thou hadst said of him;
How much above thy praise, I found the Youth?

Nur. Very pretty! You are grown a notable Proficient in Love —— And you are resolv'd (if he please) to Marry him.

Cel. Or I must dye.

Nur. I, but you know the Lord *Plotwell*, has the possession of all his Estate, and if he Marry without his liking, has power to take away all his Fortune, and then I think it were not so good Marrying him.

Cel. Not Marrying him! Oh canst thou think so poorly of me?
Yes, I wou'd Marry him, tho' our scanty Fortune,
Cou'd onely purchase us
A loanly Cottage, in some silent place,

All

All cover'd o're with Thatch,
Defended from the outrages of ſtorms
By leafleſs Trees, in Winter, and from heat,
With ſhades, which their kind Boughs wou'd bear anew,
Under whoſe Covert, wee'd feed, our gentle Flock;
That ſhou'd in gratitude repay us Food,
And mean and humble Cloathing.

Nur. Very fine!

Cel. There we wou'd practiſe ſuch degrees of Love,
Such laſting, innocent, unheard of joyes,
As all the buſie World ſhould wonder at,
And amidſt all their Glories, find none ſuch.

Nur. Good lack! how prettily Love teaches his Scholars to prattle? ——But hear ye, fair Mrs *Celinda*, you have forgot to what end and purpoſe you came to Town, not to Marry Mr *Bellmour*, as I take it—— but *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, that Spark of Men.

Cel. Oh name him not——Let me not in one moment
Deſcend from Heaven to Hell——
How came that wretched thing into thy Noddle?

Nur. Faith Miſtriſs I took pity of thee, I ſaw you ſo elevated with thoughts of Mr *Bellmour*, I found it neceſſary to take you down a degree lower.

Cel. Why did not Heaven make all Men like to *Bellmour?*
So ſtrangely ſweet and charming.

Nur. Marry come up you ſpeak well for your ſelf;
Oh intolerable loving Creature!
But here comes the utmoſt of your wiſhes.

Cel. My Brother and *Bellmour!* with ſtrange Men!

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham, *and* Sharpe.

Friend. Siſter, I've brought you here a Lover, this is the worthy perſon you have heard of, *Sir Timothy Tawdrey.*

Sir Tim. Yes, faith Madam, I am *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, at your ſervice——Pray are not you Mrs *Celinda Dreſswell?*

Cel. The ſame, but cannot return your Compliment.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, oh Lord, not return a Compliment, faith *Ned* thy Siſter's quite ſpoil'd, for want of Town Education; 'tis pity, for ſhe's Deviliſh pretty.

Friend. She's modeſt, Sir, before Company; therefore theſe Gentlemen and I will withdraw into the next Room.

Cel. Inhumane Brother, will you leave me alone with this Sott?

Friend. Yes, and if you would be rid of the trouble of him, be not coy, nor witty; two things he hates.

Bell. 'Sdeath! Muſt ſhe be blown upon by that Fool?

Friend.

Friend. Patience dear *Frank*, a little while. [*Exeunt* Friendl. Bell. Sham *and* Sharpe.

[Sir Timothy *walks about the Room, expecting when* Celinda *should speak.*

Cel. Oh dear Nurſe, what ſhall I do?

Nur. I that ever help you at a dead Liſt, will not fail you now.

Sir Tim. What a Pox not a word?

Cel. Sure this Fellow believes I'll begin.

Sir Tim. Not yet — ſure ſhe has ſpoke her laſt —

Nur. The Gentleman's good natur'd, and has took pity on you, and will not trouble you, I think.

Sir Tim. — Hey day, here's Wooing indeed — Will ſhe never begin trow — This ſome would call an excellent quality in her Sex — But a Pox on't I do not like it — Well, I ſee I muſt break ſilence at laſt — Madam — not anſwer me — ſhaw this is meer ill breeding — by Fortune — it can be nothing elſe — Oh my Conſcience, if I ſhould kiſs her, ſhe would not bid me ſtand off — I'll try —

Nur. Hold, Sir, you miſtake your Mark.

Sir Tim. So I ſhould, if I were to look in thy mouldy Chaps, good Matron — Can your Lady ſpeak?

Nur. Try Sir.

Sir Tim. Which way?

Nur. Why ſpeak to her firſt.

Sir Tim. I never knew a Woman want a Cue, for that, but all that I have met with, were ſtill before-hand with me, in tittle tattle.

Nur. Likely thoſe you have met with may, but this is no ſuch Creature Sir.

Sir Tim. I muſt confeſs, I am unus'd to this kind of Dialogue,
And I am an Aſs, if I know what to ſay to ſuch a Creature,
— But come, will you anſwer me to one Queſtion?

Cel. If I can Sir.

Sir Tim. But firſt I ſhould ask you if you can ſpeak?
For that's a Queſtion too.

Cel. And if I cannot, how will you be anſwer'd?

Sir Tim. Faith that's right; why then you muſt do't by ſigns.

Cel But grant I can ſpeak, what is't you'll ask me?

Sir Tim. Can you Love?

Cel. Oh yes, Sir, many things; I love my Meat, I love abundance of Adorers, I love choice of new Cloaths, new Playes, and like a right Woman, I love to have my Will.

Sir Tim. Spoke like a well-bred perſon, by Fortune; I ſee there's hopes of thee *Celinda*; thou wilt in time learn to make a very faſhionable Wife, having ſo much Beauty too. I ſee Attracts, and Allurements, wanton Eyes, the languiſhing turn of the Head, and all that invites to Temptation.

Cel.

Cel. Would that please you in a Wife?

Sir Tim. Please me, why Madam, what do you take me to be? a Sott? —— a Fool? —— or a dull *Italian*, of the humor of your Brother? —— No, no, I can assure you, she that Marries me, shall have Franchise —— But my pretty Miss, you must learn to talk a little more.——

Cel. I have not Wit, and Sense enough, for that.

Sir Tim. Wit! Oh la, O la, Wit! as if there were any Wit requir'd in a Woman when she talks; no, no matter for Wit, or Sense: talk but loud, and a great deal, to shew your white teeth, and smile, and be very confident, and 'tis enough. —— Lord what a sight 'tis to see a pretty Woman stand right up an end in the middle of a Room, playing with her Fan, for want of something to keep her in countenance. No, she that is mine, I will teach to entertain at another rate.

Nur. How Sir? Why what do you take my young Mistris to be?

Sir Tim. A Woman —— and a fine one, and so fine as she, ought to permit her self to be seen, and be ador'd.

Nur. Out upon you, would you expose your Wife; by my troth and I were she, I know what I wou'd do. ——

Sir Tim. Thou do —— what thou wouldst have done sixty Years ago, thou meanest.

Nur. Marry come up, for a stinking Knight, worse than I have gone down with you, e're now —— Sixty Years ago quoth ye —— As old as I am —— I live without Surgeons, wear my own Hair, am not in Debt to my Taylor, as thou art, and art fain to kiss his Wife, to persuade her Husband to be merciful to thee —— who wakes thee every morning with his Clamour and long Bills, at thy Chamber door.

Sir Tim. Prethee good Matron peace, I'll Compound with thee.

Nur. 'Tis more than thou wilt do with thy Creditors, who, poor Souls, despair of a Groat in the Pound for all thou ow'st them, for Points, Lace, and Garniture —— for all in fine, that makes thee a complete Fopp.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, thy eternal Clack.

Nur. And when none would trust thee farther, give Judgments for twice the Money thou borrowest, and swear thy self at Age; and lastly, —— to patch up your broken Fortune, you wou'd fain Marry my sweet Mistris *Celinda* here —— But 'faith Sir, you're mistaken, her Fortune shall not go to the maintenance of your Misses, which being once sure of, she, poor Soul, is sent down to the Countrey house, to learn Housewifery, and live without Mankind, unless she can serve her self with the handsom Steward, or so —— whilst you tear it away in Town, and live like Man and Wife with your Jilt, and are every day seen in the Glass Coach, whilst your own natural Lady is hardly worth the hire of a Hack

Sir Tim. Why thou damnable confounded torment, wilt thou never cease?

Nur.

Nur. No, not till you raise your Siege, and be gone; go march to your Lady of Love, and debauch — go — You get no *Celinda* here.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her tongue.

Cel. Good gentle Nurse, have mercy upon the poor Knight.

Nur. No more Mistriss, than he'll have on you, if Heaven had so abandon'd you, to put you into his power: — Mercy — quoth ye — no, no more than his Mistriss will have, when all his money's gone.

Sir Tim. Will she never end?

Cel. Prethee forbear.

Nur. No more, than the Usurer would, to whom he has mortgag'd his best part of his Estate, would forbear a day after the promis'd payment of the money. Forbear —

Sir Tim. Not yet end: Can I Madam, give you a greater proof of my passion for you, than to endure this for your sake?

Nur. This — thou art so sorry a creature, thou wilt endure any thing, for the lucre of her fortune; 'tis that thou hast a passion for: not that thou carest for money, but to sacrifice to thy lewdness, to purchase a Mistriss, to purchase the Reputation of as errant a Fool, as ever arriv'd at the honour of keeping, to purchase a little Grandeur, as you call it; that is, to make every one look at thee, and consider what a Fool thou art, who else might pass unregarded amongst the common crowd.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her tongue, and so 'tis in most Womens of her Age; for when 't has quitted the Tail, it repairs to her upper Tire.

Nur. Do not persuade me, Madam, I am resolv'd to make him weary of his Wooing.

Sir Tim. So God be prais'd, the storm is laid — And now Mrs. *Celinda*, give me leave to ask you, if it be with your leave, this affront is put on a Man of my Quality?

Nur. Thy Quality —

Sir Tim. Yes, I am a Gentleman, and a Knight.

Nur. Yes, Sir, Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance is it?

Sir Tim. You are beholding to *Don Quixot* for that, and 'tis so many Ages, since thou couldst see to read, I wonder thou hast not forgot all that ever belong'd to Books.

Nur. My eye-sight's good enough to see thee in all thy colours, thou Knight of the Burning Pestle thou —

Sir Tim. Agen, that was out of a Play — heark ye Witch of *Endor*, hold your prating tongue, or I shall most well-favourdly Cudgel ye.

Nur. As your Friend the Hostess has it in a Play too, I take it, Ends which you pick up behind the Scenes, when you go to be laughs at even by the Player Women.

Sir Tim. Wilt thou have done, by Fortune I'll endure no more.

Nur. Murder, Murder. — [*A Letter.*

Cel. Hold, hold.

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sham *and* Sharpe.

Friend. Read here, the worst of News, that can arrive, — What's the matter here? — Why how now Sir *Timothy*, What up in Arms with the Women? [*Gives* Bellm. a *Letter.*

Sir Tim. Oh *Ned*, I'm glad thou'rt come — never was *Tom Dove* baited as I have been.

Friend. By whom? my Sister.

Sir Tim. No, no, that old Mastiff there; — the young Whelp, came not on, thanks be prais'd.

Bell. How, her Father here to morrow, and here he sayes, that shall be the last moment, he will defer the Marriage of *Celinda*, to this Sott — Oh God, I shall grow mad, and so undo 'em all — I'll kill the Villain at the Altar — By my lost hopes I will — And yet there is some left — Could I but — speak to her — I must relie on *Dresswells* friendship — Oh God to morrow — Can I endure that thought — Can I endure to see the Traytor there, who must to morrow rob me of my Heaven — I'll own my flame — and boldly tell this Fopp, she must be mine —

Friend. I assure you, *Sir Timothy*, I am sorry, and will chastise her.

Sir Tim. Ay Sir, I that am a Knight — a Man of Parts and Wit, and one that is to be your Brother, and design'd to be the glory of marrying *Celinda*.

Bell. I can endure no more — How Sir — You marry fair *Celinda*!

Sir Tim. Ay *Frank*, Ay — Is she not a pretty little plump white Rogue, hah —

Bell. Yes.

Sir Tim. Oh I had forgot, thou art a modest Rogue, and to thy eternal shame, hadst never the Reputation of a Mistris — Lord, Lord, that I could see thee address thy self to a Lady — I fancy thee a very ridiculous Figure, in that posture, by Fortune.

Bell. Why Sir — I can Court a Lady —

Sir Tim. No, no, thou'rt modest; that is to say, a Countrey Gentleman; that is to say, Ill-bred; that is to say, a Fool by Fortune, as the World goes.

Bell. Neither Sir — I can Love — and tell it too — and that you may believe me — look on this Lady Sir —

Sir Tim. Look on this Lady Sir — Ha, ha, ha, — Well Sir — Well Sir — And what then —

Bell. Nay view her well Sir —

Sir Tim. Pleasant this — Well *Frank* I do — And what then?

Bell. Is she not charming, Fair —

Sir Tim. Well Sir, 'tis granted —

Bell. And canst thou think this Beauty meant for thee, for thee dull common Man?

Sir Tim. Very well, what will he say then?

Bell. I say, let me no more see thee approach this Lady.

Sir Tim. How Sir, how?

Bell. Not speak to her, not look on her — by Heaven —— not think of her.

Sir Tim. How *Frank*, art in earnest?

Bell. Try, if thou dar'st?

Sir Tim. Not think of her ——

Bell. No not so much as in a Dream, could I Divine it.

Sir Tim. Is he in earnest Mr *Friendlove*?

Friend. I doubt so *Sir Timothy*.

Sir Tim. What does he then pretend to your Sister?

Bell. Yes, and no Man else, shall dare do so.

Sir Tim. Take notice, I am affronted in your Lodgings —— for you *Bellmour*—You take me for an Ass ——— therefore meet me to morrow morning about 5, with your Sword in your hand, behind *Southampton* House.

Bell. 'Tis well— there we'll dispute our Title to *Celinda*. [*Ex.* Dull Animal! Ye Gods cou'd ne're Decree
So bright a Maid shou'd be possest by thee.

The End of the First Act.

ACT. II.

Scene I. *A Palace.*

Enter Nurse *with a Light.*

Nur. WEll, 'tis an endless trouble, to have the Tuition of a Maid in Love, here is such Wishing and Longing — And yet one must force them to what they most desire, before they will admit of it. — Here am I sent out a Scout of the Forlorn Hope, to discover the approach of the Enemy — Well — Mr. *Bellmour*, you are not to know, 'tis with the consent of *Celinda*, that you come — I must bear all the blame, what mischief soever comes of these Night-works.

Enter Bellmour.

Oh are you come — Your hour was Twelve, and now 'tis almost Two.

Bell. I could not get from *Friendlove* — Thou hast not told *Celinda* of my coming.

Nur. No, no, e'n make peace for me, and your self too.

Bell. I warrant thee Nurse——Oh how I hope and fear this nights success! [*Exeunt.*

Scene *a Chamber,*
Celinda *in her Night Attire, leaning on a Table.*

Enter to her Bellmour *and* Nurse.

Cel. Oh Heavens! Mr. *Bellmour* at this late hour in my Chamber!

Bell. Yes, Madam; but will approach no nearer till you permit me;
And sure you know my Soul too well to fear.

Cel. I do Sir, and you may approach yet nearer,
And let me know your business.

Bell. Love is my business, that of all the world
Only my flame as much surmounts the rest
As is the Objects beauty, I adore.

Cel. If this be all, to tell me of your Love,
To morrow might have done as well.

Bell. Oh no, to morrow would have been too late,
Too late to make returns to all my pain.
——What disagreeing thing offends your Eyes?
I've no deformity about my Person,
I'm Young, and have a Fortune great as any
That do pretend to serve you;
And yet I find my interest in your heart,
Below those happy ones that are my Rivals.
Nay, every Fool that can but plead his Title,
And the poor interest that a Patent gives him,
Can merit more than I.
——What else my lovely Maid can give a freedom
To that same talking, idle Knighted Fopp.

Cel. Oh if I am so wretched to be his,
Surely I cannot live,
For, Sir, I must confess I cannot love him.

Bell. But thou may'st do as bad, and marry him,
And that's a sin, I cannot over live.
——No, hear my Vows——

Cel But are you Sir in earnest?

Bell. In earnest? Yes, by all that's good I am;
I Love you more than I do Life, or Heav'n!

Cel. Oh what a pleasure 'tis to hear him say so! [*Aside.*
——But pray, how long Sir, have you Lov'd me so?

Bell. From the first moment that I saw your Eyes.

Your

Your charming killing Eyes, I did adore 'em,
And ever since have languisht day and night.
Nur. Come, come, ne're stand asking of questions,
But follow your inclinations, and take him at his word.
Bell. Celinda, take her counsel,
Perhaps this is the last opportunity;
Nay, and by Heaven the last of all my Life,
If you refuse me now——
Say, will you never marry Man but me?
Cel. Pray give me till to morrow, Sir, to answer you;
For I have yet some fears about my Soul
That take away my rest.
Bell. To morrow! You must then marry—— oh fatal word!
Another! a Beast, a Fool, that knows not how to value you.
Cel. Is't possible my Fate shou'd be so near?
Nur. Nay then dispose of your self, I say, and leave dissembling, 'tis high time.
Bell. This night the Letter came, the dreadful News
Of thy being married, and to morrow too.
Oh answer me, or I shall die with fear.
Cel. I must confess it, Sir, without a blush,
(For 'tis no sin to Love) that I cou'd wish——
Heaven and my Father, were inclin'd my way.
But I am all obedience to their wills.
Bell. That Sigh was kind,
But ere to morrow this time,
You'll want this pitying sense, and feel no pantings,
But those which joyes and pleasures do create.
Cel. Alas Sir! what is't you'd have me do?
Bell. Why—— I wou'd have you Love, and after that
You need not be instructed what to do.
Give me your Faith, give me your Solemn Vow
To be my Wife, and I shall be at peace.
Cel. Have you consider'd, Sir, your own condition,
'Tis in your Uncles power to take your Fortune,
If in your choice you disobey his will.
— And Sir, you know that mine is much below you.
Bell. Oh I shall calm his Rage,
By urging so much Reason as thy Beauty,
And my own flame, on which my Life depends.
——He now has kindly sent for me to *London*,
I fear his business——
Yet if you'll yield to marry me,
We'll keep it secret, till our kinder Stars
Have made provision for the blest discovery.

Come

Come give me your Vows, or we muſt part for ever.
Cel. Part! oh 'tis a fatal word!
I will do any thing to ſave that Life,
To which my own ſo nearly is alli'd.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. So forward Sifter!
Bell. Ha! *Friendlove!*
Friend. Was it ſo kindly done to gain my Sifter
Without my knowledge?
Bell. Ah Friend! 'Twas from her ſelf alone
That I wou'd take the bleſſing which I ask.
Friend. And I'll aſſiſt her, Sir, to give it you.
Here take him as an Honour, and be thankful.
Bell. I as a bleſſing ſent from Heaven receive her,
And e're I ſleep will juſtifie my Claim,
And make her mine.
Friend. Be not ſo haſty Friend:
Endeavor firſt to reconcile your Uncle to't.
Bell. By ſuch delayes we're loſt: Haſt thou forgot?
To morrow ſhe's deſign'd anothers Bride!
Friend. For that let me alone t' evade.
Bell. If you muſt yet delay me,
Give me leave not to intereſt ſuch wealth without ſecurity.
And I *Celinda* will inſtruct you how to ſatisfie my fears. [*Kneels, and takes her by the hand.*
Bears witneſs to my Vows—
May every Plague that Heaven inflicts on Sin,
Fall down in thunder on my head,
If e're I marry any but *Celinda*,
Or if I do not marry thee fair Maid.
Nur. Heartily ſworn as I vow.
Cel. And here I wiſh as ſolemnly the ſame.
— May all arrive to me,
If e're I marry any Man but *Bellmour!*
Nur. We are Witneſſes as good as a thouſand.
Friend. But now my Friend, I'de have you take your leave, the day comes on apace, and you've not ſeen your Uncle, ſince your arrival.
Bell. 'Tis death to part with thee my fair *Celinda*,
But our hard Fates, impoſes this ſeparation;
—Farewell—Remember thou'rt all mine.
Cel. What have I elſe of joy to think upon—
—— Go—go — depart.
Bell. I will —— but 'tis as Miſers part with Gold,
Or people full of Health depart from Life.

Friend.

Friend. Go, Sister, to your Bed, and dream of him. [*Ex.* Cel. *and* Nurse.

Bell. Whilst I prepare to meet this Fopp to fight him.

Friend. Hang him, he'll ne're meet thee; to beat a Watch, or kick a Drawer, or batter Windows, is the highest pitch of Valor he e're arriv'd to.

Bell. However I'll expect him, lest he be Fool-hardy enough to keep his word.

Friend. Shall I wait on thee?

Bell. No, no, there's no need of that —— Good morrow my best Friend.

Friend. But e're you go, my dearest Friend and Brother,
Now you are sure of all the joyes you wish
From Heav'n, do not forgetful grow, of that great trust
I gave you of all mine, but like a Friend
Assist me in my great concern of Love
With fair *Diana*, your lovely Cozen;
You know how long, I have ador'd that Maid,
But still her haughty Pride repell'd my flame,
And all its fierce efforts

Bell. She has a spirit equal to her Beauty
As mighty and tyrannick, yet she has goodness,
And I believe enough inclin'd to Love,
When once her Pride's orecome; I have the honour
To be the Confident of all her thoughts:
And to augment thy hopes, 'tis not long since,
She did with sighs confess to me, she Lov'd
A Man she said scarce equal to her Fortune;
But all my interest could not learn the Object:
But it must needs be you, by what she said
This I'll improve, and so to your advantage ——

Friend. I neither doubt thy Industry, nor Love,
Go and be careful of my Int'rest there,
Whilst I preserve thine as intirely here. [*Ex. severally.*

Scene 2.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp.

Sharp. Good morrow *Sir Timothy*, what not yet ready, and to meet Mr. *Bellmour* at five, the time's past.

Sir Tim. —— Ay Pox on't —— I han't slep to night for thinking on't.

Sham. Well *Sir Timothy*, I have most excellent News for you, that will do as well, I have found out —

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. A new Wench, I warrant —— but prethee *Sham*, I have other matters in hand; 'Sheart I am so mortifi'd with this same thought of Fighting, that I shall hardly think of Woman kind again.

Sharp. You were so forward *Sir Timothy* ——

Sir Tim. Ay *Sharp*, I am alwayes so when I'm angry; had I been but a little more provok'd then, that we might have gone to't when the heat was brisk, I had done well — but a Pox on't this fighting in cool blood I hate.

Sham. 'Shaw, Sir, 'tis nothing, a Man wou'd do't for Exercise in a morning.

Sir Tim. Ay, if there were no more in't than Exercise; if a Man cou'd take a Breathing without breathing a Vein —— but *Sham*, this Wounds, and Blood, sounds terribly in my ears; but since thou say'st 'tis nothing, prethee do thou meet *Bellmour* in my stead; thou art a poor Dog, and 'tis no matter if the world were well rid of thee.

Sham. I wou'd do't with all my Soul — but your Honour Sir ——

Sir Tim. —My Honour! 'tis but Custom that makes it Honourable to fight Duels —— I warrant you the wise *Italian*, thinks himself a Man of Honour; and yet when did you hear of an *Italian*, that ever fought a Duel? Is't not enough, I am affronted, have my Mistriss taken away before my face, hear my self call'd, Dull, Common Man, Dull Animal, and the rest — But I must after all give him leave to kill me too, if he can — And this is your damn'd Honourable *English* way of shewing a Mans Courage.

Sham. I must confess I am of your mind, and therefore have been studying a Revenge, sutable to the Affront: and if I can judge any thing, I have hit it.

Sir Tim. Hast thou? dear *Sham*, out with it.

Sham. Why Sir —— what think you of debauching his Sister?

Sir Tim Why is there such a thing in Nature?

Sham. You know he has a Sister, Sir.

Sir Tim. Yes, Rich, and Fair.

Sham. Both, or she were not worthy of your Revenge.

Sir Tim. Oh how I love Revenge, that has a double pleasure in it — and where —— and where —— is this fine piece of temptation?

Sham. In Lein; Sir — but *Sharp* here, and I, have been at some cost in finding her out.

Sir Tim. Ye shall be overpaid — there's Gold, my little *Maquero* but she's very handsom?

Sharp. As a Goddess, Sir.

Sir Tim. And art thou sure she will be Lewd?

Sharp. Are we sure she's a Woman, Sir? — Sure she's in her Teens? has Pride and Vanity — and two or three Sins more, that I cou'd name, all which never fails to assist a Woman in Debauchery — But Sir, there are certain people that belong to her, that must be consider'd too.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Stay Sir, e're I part with more money, I'll be certain what returns 'twill make me—that is—I'll see the Wench, not to inform my self, how well I like her, for that I shall do, because she is new, and *Belmours* Sister—but to find what possibility there is in gaining her—I am us'd to these things, and can guess from a look, or a kiss, or a touch of the hand——but then I warrant, 'twill come to the knowledge of *Betty Flauntit.*

Sham. What Sir——then it seems you doubt us?

Sir Tim. How do you mean, your honesty or judgment? I can assure you, I doubt both.

Sharp. How Sir? doubt our honesty?

Sir Tim. Yes——why I hope neither of you pretend to either, do you?

Sham. Why, Sir, what do you take us for Cheats?

Sir Tim. As errant, as any's in *Christendom.*

Sharp. How Sir?——

Sir Tim. Why how now——what flie in my face? are your stomachs so queasie, that Cheat won't down with you?

Sham. Why Sir——we are Gentlemen——and tho' our ill Fortunes have thrown us on your Bounty——we are not to be term'd——

Sir Tim. Why you pair of Hectors—whence this impudence?——De'e you know me ye Raggamuffins?

Sham. Yes, but we knew not that you were a Coward before. You talkt big, and hust where e're you came, like an errant Bully, and so long we Reverenc'd you—but now we find, you have need of our Courage—we'll stand on our Reputations,

Sir Tim. Courage and Reputation!—ha, ha, ha—why ye lowsie Tatterdemallions——dare ye talk of Courage and Reputation?

Sharp. Why, Sir, who dares question either?

Sir Tim. He that dares try it. [*Kicks 'em.*

Sharp. Hold, Sir, hold.

Sham. Enough, enough, we are satisfi'd.

Sir Tim. So am not I, ye mangy Mungrels, till I have kickt Courage and Reputation out of ye.

Sham. Hold there Sir, 'tis enough we are satisfi'd, that you have Courage.

Sir Tim. Oh are you so? then it seems I was not to be believ'd—I told you I had Courage when I was angry.

Sham Ay Sir, we have prov'd it, and will now swear it.——But we had an inclination to try Sir.

Sir Tim. And all you did, was but to try my Courage—hah!

Sharp. On our Honours nothing else *Sir Timothy.*

Sir Tim Tho' I know ye to be curst cowardly lying Rogues, Yet because I have use of ye, I must forgive ye.——Here kiss my hand, and be forgiven.

Sham. 'Tis an Honour we are proud of Sir.

Sir Tim. Oh is it so Rascallians! then I hope I am to see the Lady without Indentures.

Sharp. Oh Lord Sir! any thing we can serve you in.

Sham. And I have brib'd her Maid to bring her this morning into the *Mall*.

Sir Tim. Well, let's about it then; for I am for no Fighting to day—— De'e hear Boy ——— Let the Coach be got ready, whilst I get my self dress't

Boy. The Coach Sir! Why you know Mr *Shatter* has pawn'd the Horses.

Sir Tim. I had forgot it — A Pox on't, this 'tis to have a Partner in a Coach; By Fortune I must Marry, and set up a whole one. [Ex.

Scene 3.

Enter Charles Bellmour *and* Trusty.

Trusty. Mr *Charles*, your Brother, my young Master *Bellmour* is come.

Char. I'm glad on't; my Unkle, began to be impatient that he came not, you saying you left him but a dayes journey behind you yesterday. My Unkle has something of importance to say to him, I fansie it may be about a Marriage between him and my Lady *Diana*— such a whisper I heard——

Trusty. I Marry Sir, that were a Match indeed, she being your Unkles onely Heir.

Char. Ay but they are Sisters Children, and too near akin to be happy.

Trusty. 'Twere pity my young Master shou'd be unhappy in a Wife; for he is the sweetest natur'd Gentleman--But one comfort is Mr *Charles*, you, and your Sister Mrs *Phillis*, will have your Portions assign'd you if he Marry.

Char. Yes, that he can't deny us the very day after his Marriage.

Trusty. I shall be glad to see you all dispos'd of well; but I was half afraid, your Brother wou'd have Married Mrs *Celinda Friendlove*, to whom he made notable Love in *Yorkshire*, I thought; not but she's a fine Lady; but her Fortune is below that of my young Master, as much as my Lady *Diana's* is above his—But see, they come ——— let us retire, to give 'em leave to talk alone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Plotwell *and* Bellmour.

Lord. And well *Frank*, how dost thou find thy self inclin'd, thou shou'dst begin to think of something more than Books? Dost thou not wish

wish to know the joyes that are to be found in a woman *Frank*? I well remember at thy age I fancy'd a thousand fine things of that kind.

Bell. Ay my Lord, a thousand more perhaps than are to be found.

Lord. Not so; but I confess *Frank*, unless the Lady be fair, and there be some Love too, 'tis not altogether so well; therefore I, who am still busie for thy good, have fixt upon a Lady——

Bell. Ha!——

Lord. What dost start? Nay, I'll warrant thee she'll please,
A Lady rich, and fair, and Nobly born, and thou shalt Marry her *Frank*,

Bell. Marry her my Lord——

Lord. Why yes Marry her——I hope you are none of the fashionable Fopps, that are alwayes in mutiny against Marriage, who never think themselves very witty, but when they rail against Heav'n and a Wife—— But *Frank*, I have found better Principles in thee, and thou hast the Reputation of a sober young Gentleman, thou art besides a Man of great Fortune *Frank*,

Bell. And therefore Sir, ought the less to be a Slave.

Lord. But *Frank*, we are made for one another, and ought by the Laws of God, to communicate our blessings.

Bell. Sir, there are Men enough, fitter much than I, to obey those Laws, nor do I think them made for every one.

Lord. But *Frank*, you do not know what a Wife I have provided for you.

Bell. 'Tis enough I know she's a Woman, Sir.

Lord. A Woman, why what should she be else?

Bell. An Angel, Sir, e're she can be my Wife.

Lord. In good time, but this is a Mortal Sir——and must serve your turn——but *Frank*, she is the finest Mortal——

Bell. I humbly beg your pardon, if I tell you,
That had she Beauty such as Heav'n ne're made,
Nor meant again t' inrich a Woman with,
It cou'd not take my heart.

Lord. But Sir, perhaps you do not guess the Lady.

Bell. Or cou'd I Sir, it cou'd not change my nature.

Lord. But Sir, suppose it be my Neece *Diana*.

Bell. How Sir? the fair *Diana*.

Lord. I thought thou'dst come about again;
What think you now of Woman-kind, and Wedlock?

Bell. As I did before, my Lord.

Lord. What, thou canst not think I am in earnest, I confess *Frank*, she is above thee in point of Fortune, she being my onely Heir——but suppose 'tis she.

Bell. Oh I'm undone——for Sir I dare not suppose so greatly in favour of my self.

Lord. But *Frank*, you must needs suppose ——

Bell. Oh I am ruin'd, lost, for ever lost.

Lord. What do you mean Sir?

Bell. I mean I cannot Marry fair *Diana*,

Lord. Death how's this? ——

Bell. She is a thing, above my humble wishes ——

Lord. Is that all? take you no care for that, for she loves you already, and I have resolv'd it which is better yet.

Bell. Love me Sir? I know she cannot,
And Heav'n forbid that I should injure her.

Lord. Sir, this is a put-off: resolve quickly, or I'll compel you.

Bell. You wou'd not use extremity,
What is the forfeit of my disobedience?

Lord. The loss of all your Fortune,
If you refuse the Wife I have provided ——
Especially a handsom Lady, as she is *Frank*,

Bell. Oh me unhappy!
What cursed Laws provided this severity?

Lord. Even those of your Fathers disposal, who seeing so many examples, in this lewd Age, of the ruine of whole Families, by imprudent Marriages, provided otherwise for you.

Bell. But Sir, admit *Diana* be inclin'd,
And I (by my unhappy Stars so curst)
Should be unable to accept the Honour.

Lord. How Sir? admit? —— I can no more admit,
Than you can suppose —— therefore give me your final answer.

Bell. Sir, can you think a blessing e're can fall
Upon that Pair, whom Interest joins, not Love.

Lord. Why what's in *Diana* that you shou'd not love her?

Bell. I must confess she has a thousand Virtues,
The least of which wou'd bless another Man;
But Sir, I hope if I am so unhappy
As not to love that Lady, you will pardon me.

Lord. Indeed Sir but I will not, love me this Lady, and marry me this Lady, or I will teach you what it is to refuse such a Lady.

Bell. Sir, tis not in my power to obey you.

Lord. How? not in your pow'r?

Bell. No, Sir, I see my fatal ruine in your eyes,
And know too well your force, and my own misery.
—— But Sir —— when I shall tell you who I've married ——

Lord. Who you've married! —— By all that's Sacred if that be true, thou art undone for ever.

Bell. Oh hear me Sir!
I came with hopes to have found you merciful.

Lord. Expect none from me; no, thou shalt not have so much of thy Estate,

Eſtate, as will afford thee Bread.
By Heaven thou ſhalt not.

Bell. Oh pity me, my Lord, pity my Youth;
It is no Beggar, nor none baſely born
That I have given my heart to, but a Maid,
Whoſe Birth, whoſe Beauty, and whoſe Education,
Merits the beſt of Men.

Lord. Very fine! where is the Prieſt that durſt diſpoſe of you, without my order? Sirrah you are my ſlave —— at leaſt your whole Eſtate is at my mercy —— and beſides, I'll charge you with an Action of 5000 *l.* for your ten Years maintenance: Do you know that this is in my pow'r too?

Bell. Yes, Sir, and dread your Anger worſe than death.

Lord. Oh Villain! thus to daſh my expectation.

Bell. Sir, on my bended knees, thus low I fall
To beg your mercy.

Lord. Yes, Sir, I will have mercy,
I'll give you Lodging —— but in a Dungeon Sir,
Where you ſhall ask your food of Paſſers by.

Bell. All this, I know you have the power to do,
But, Sir, were I thus cruel, this hard uſage
Would give me cauſe to execute it.
I wear a Sword, and I dare right my ſelf;
And Heav'n wou'd pardon it, if I ſhould kill you:
But Heav'n forbid, I ſhou'd correct that Law,
Which gives you power, and orders me obedience.

Lord. Very well. Sir, I ſhall tame that Courage, and puniſh that Harlot, who e're ſhe be, that has ſeduc'd ye.

Bell. How Harlot, Sir! —— Death ſuch another word,
And through all Laws and Reaſon I will ruſh,
And reach thy Soul, if mortal like thy Body.
—— No Sir, ſhe's Chaſte, as are the new-made Vows,
I breath'd upon her Lips, when laſt we parted.

Lord. Who waits there?

Enter Truſty *and* Servants.

——Shall I be murder'd in my own Houſe?
'Tis time you were remov'd ——
Go get an Action of 5000 *l.* enter'd againſt him;
With Officers to Arreſt him.

Truſty. My Lord, 'tis my young Maſter *Bellmour*.

Lord. Ye all dote upon him, but he's not the Man you take him for.

Truſty. How my Lord? not this Mr *Bellmour*?

Lord. Dogs obey me. [*Offers to go.*

Bell.

Bell. Stay Sir—oh ſtay—what will become of me?
'Twere better that my Life were loſt than Fortune—
For that being gone, *Celinda* muſt not love me.
—But to die wretchedly—
—Poorly in Priſon—whilſt I can manage this—
—Is below him, that does adore *Celinda*. [*Draws.*
—I'll kill my ſelf—but then—I kill *Celinda*.
—Shou'd I obey this Tyrant—then too ſhe dies.
—Yes Sir—You may be cruel——take the Law,
—And kill me quickly, 'twill become your juſtice. [*Weeps.*

Lord. Was I call'd back for this? Yes, I ſhall take it Sir, do not fear. [*Offers to go.*

Bell. Yet, ſtay Sir — Have you loſt all Humanity?
Have you no Senſe of Honour, nor of Horrors!

Lord. Away with him—go, be gone.

Bell. Stay Sir! oh God! what is't you'd have me do?
—Here——I reſign my ſelf unto your will——
But oh *Celinda*!——what will become of thee! [*Weeps.*
—Yes, I will Marry—and *Diana* too.

Lord. 'Tis well you will, had I been good natur'd now,
You had been undone, and miſt *Diana* too.

Bell. But muſt I Marry?——Needs Marry Sir?—
Or loſe my Fortune, and my Liberty,
Whil'ſt all my Vows are given to another?

Lord. By all means, Sir——

Bell. If I muſt Marry any but *Celinda*,
I ſhall not, Sir, enjoy one moments bliſs!
I ſhall be quite unman'd, Cruel and Brutal!
A Beaſt, unſafe for Woman to converſe with;
Beſides, Sir, I have given my Heart and Faith,
And any ſecond Marriage is Adultery.

Lord. Heart and Faith, I am glad 'tis no worſe; if the Ceremony of the Church has not paſt, 'tis well enough.

Bell. All Sir, that Heaven, and Love requires, is paſt.

Lord. Thou art a Fool *Frank*, come——dry thy Eyes,
And receive *Diana*.——*Truſty*——Call in my Neece.

Bell. Yet Sir relent, be kind, and ſave my ſoul. [*Ex. Truſty.*

Lord. No more—by Heaven, if you reſiſt my Will, I'll make a ſtrange example of thee, and of that Woman, who e're ſhe be, that drew thee to this folly. Faith and Vows quoth ye.

Bell. Then I obey.

Enter Truſty *and* Diana.

Lord. Look ye here *Frank*, is this a Lady to be diſlik'd?

Come

Come hither *Frank* —— *Trusty* — Haste for Dr. *Tickletext*, my Chaplain's not in Town; I'll have them instantly Married — Come hither *Diana* —— *Diana*, will you Marry your Cozen *Frank Bellmour?*

Dia. Yes, if it be your pleasure; Heaven cou'd not let fall a greater blessing. [*Aside.*

Lord. And you *Frank*, will you Marry my Neece *Diana?*

Bell. Since you will have it so.

Lord. Come follow me then, and you shall be both pleas'd.

Bell. Oh my *Celinda* ——

To preserve thee, what is't I wou'd not do,
Forfeit my Heaven, nay more I forfeit you. [Ex.

Scene 4. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham *and* Sharp.

Sir Tim. Now *Sham*, art not thou a damn'd lying Rogue, to make me saunter up and down the *Mall* all this morning, after a Woman that thou knowst in thy Conscience was not likely to be there?

Sham. Why Sir —— if her Maid will be a jilting Whore, how can I help it — *Sharp* — Thou knowst we presented her handsomly, and she protested she'd do't.

Sharp. Ay, Ay Sir [*Aside*] but the Devil a Maid we saw.

Sham. Sir, it may be Things have so fallen out, that she could not possibly come.

Sir Tim. Things! a Pox of your Tricks —— Well, I see there's no trusting a poor Devil — Well, what device will your Roguesship find out to Cheat me next?

Sham. Prethee help me out at a dead Lift *Sharp.* [*Aside.*

Sharp. Cheat you Sir! — If I been't reveng'd on this She-Counsellor of the Patching and Painting, this Letter-in of Midnight Lovers, this Receiver of Bribes for stol'n Pleasures; may I be condemn'd never to make Love to any thing of higher quality.

Sir Tim. Nay, nay, no Threatning *Sharp*, it may be she's Innocent yet — Give her t'other Bribe, and try what that will do. [*Gives him money.*

Sham. No, Sir, I'll have no more to do with frail Woman, in this case, I have a surer way to do your business.

Enter Page *with a Letter.*

Sir Tim. Is not that *Bellmour's Page?*

Sharp. It is Sir.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. By Fortune the Rogue's looking for me; he has a Challenge in his hand too.

Sham. No matter, Sir, Huff it out.

Sir Tim Prethee do thee Huff him, thou knowst the way on't.

Sham. What's your busineſs with *Sir Timothy* Sir?

Page. Mine Sir, I don't know the Gentleman, pray which is he?

Sir Tim. I, I, 'tis ſo—Pox on him.

Sharp. Well, Boy, I am he—What—Your Maſter——

Page. My Maſter Sir—

Sharp. Are not you *Bellmour*'s Page?

Page. Yes, Sir.

Sharp. Well, your News.

Page. News Sir? I know of none, but of my Maſters being this morning—

Sir Tim. Ay, there it is—behind *Southampton* Houſe.

Page. Married this morning

Sir Tim. How? Marry'd! 'Slife, has he ſerv'd me ſo?

Sham. The Boy is drunk——*Bellmour* Married!

Page. Yes indeed, to the Lady *Diana.*

Sir Tim. Diana! Mad by Fortune; what *Diana?*

Page. Neece to the Lord *Plotwell.*

Sir Tim. Come hither Boy—Art thou ſure of this?

Page. Sir, I am ſure of it; and I am going to beſpeak Muſick for the Ball anon.

Sir Tim. What haſt thou there—a Letter to the Divine *Celinda*; A dainty Boy——there's money for thee to buy Nickers.

Page. I humbly thank you. [*Exit.*

Sharp. Well, Sir, if this be true, *Celinda* will be glad of you again.

Sir Tim. Ay, but I will have none of her—For, look you *Sham*, there is but two ſorts of Love in this World—Now I am ſure the Rogue did love her; and ſince it was not to Marry her, it was for the thing you wot on, as appears by his writing to her now—But yet I will not believe what this Boy ſaid till I ſee it,

Sham. Faith Sir, I have thought of a thing, that may both clear your doubt, and give us a little mirth.

Sir Tim. I conceive thee.

Sham. I know y'are quick of apprehenſion, *Sir Timothy.*

Sir Tim. O your ſervant dear *Sham*——But to let thee ſee I am none of the dulleſt, we are to Jigg it in Maſquerade this evening, hah.

Sham. Faith, Sir, you have it, and there you may have an opportunity to Court *Bellmour*'s ſiſter.

Sir Tim. 'Tis a good motion, and we will follow it, ſend to the Dukes Houſe, and borrow ſome Habits preſently.

Sham. I'll about it, Sir.

Sir Tim. Make haſte to my Lodging—But hearke ye——not a word of this

this to *Betty Flaunti*, she'll be up in Arms these two dayes, if she go not with us; and tho' I think the fond Devil is true to me, yet 'twere worse than Wedlock, if I should be so to her too.

Tho' Whores in all things else the Mast'ry get,
In this alone, like Wives, they must submit.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT. III.

Scene 1. *The Street.*

Enter Lord Plotwell, Bellmour *leading in* Diana, *follow'd by* Charles Bellmour, Phillis, *and other Ladies and Gentlemen.* [*Musick plays, till they are all seated.*

Lord. HEre Nephew, I resign that Trust which was repos'd in me by your dead Father, which was that on your Wedding day, I should thus—make you Master of your whole Fortune, you being Married to my liking—And now *Charles*, and you my Neece *Phillis*, you may demand your Portions to-morrow, if you please, for he is oblig'd to pay you the day after that of his Marriage.

Phill. There's time enough my Lord.

Lord. Come, come Ladies, in troth you must take but little rest to night, in complaisance to the Bride, and Bridegroom, who I believe, will take but little—*Frank*—why *Frank*—what hast thou chang'd thy humor with thy condition? thou wert not wont to hear the Musick play in vain.

Bell. My Lord, I cannot dance.

Dia. Indeed you're wondrous sad.
And I methinks too, bear thee company.
I know not why, and yet excess of joy,
Have had the same effects with equal grief.

Bell. 'Tis true, and I have now felt the extremes of both.

Lord. Why Nephew *Charles*—has your breeding at the Academy instructed your heels in no motion?

Char. My Lord, I'll make one.

Phil. And I another, for joy that my Brother's made happy in so fair a Bride.

Bell. Hell take your Ignorance, for thinking I am happy,
—Wou'd Heav'n wou'd strike me dead.
That by the loss of a poor wretched life,

I might preserve my soul——but oh my error!
That has already damn'd it self, which it consented
To break a Sacred Vow, and Marry here.

Lord. Come, come begin, begin, Musick to your office.

[*Soft Musick.*

Bell. Why does not this hard heart, this stubborn Fugitive
Break with this Load of Griefs; but like ill Spirits
It promis'd fair, till it had drawn me in,
And then betray'd me to Damnation.

Dia. There's something in disorder in his Soul,
Which I'm on fire, to know the meaning of.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp *in Masquerade.*

Sir Tim. The Rogue is Married, and I am so pleas'd, I can forgive him our last Nights quarrel; prithee *Sharp*, if thou canst learn that young things name, 'tis a pretty airy Rogue, whil'st I go talk to her.

Sharp. I will, Sir, I will.

[*One goes to take out a Lady.*

Char. Nay, Madam, you must dance. [*Dance.*

Bell. I hope you will not call it Rudeness, Madam, if I refuse you here.

[*The Lady that danc'd, goes to take out the Bridegroom. After the Dance, she takes out* Sir Timothy, *they walk a Corrant.*

Am I still tame and patient with my ills?
Gods! What is Man? That he can live and bare
Yet know his pow'r to rid himself of grief.
I will not live, or if my destiny
Compel me to't, it shall be worse than dying.

Enter Page with a Table Book.

Bell. What's this?

Page. The answer of a Letter, Sir, you sent to the Divine *Celinda*; for so it was directed.

Bell.——Hah——*Celinda* — in my crowd of thoughts
I had forgot I sent —— come nearer Boy——
——What did she say to thee?—— Did she not smile?
And use thee with contempt and scorn——tell me.

Page. How scorn, Sir!

Bell. —— Or she was angry——call'd me perjur'd Villain——
False, and forsworn——nay, tell me truth.

Page. How, Sir?

Bell. Thou dost delay me—— say she did, and please me.

Page. Sir!

Bell. Again——tell me, what answer Rascal did she send me?

Page.

Page. You have it, Sir, there in the Table Book.
Bell. Oh I am mad, and know not what I do.
—Prithee forgive me Boy—take breath my Soul
Before thou doſt begin; for this—perhaps may be
So cruel kind.
To leave thee none when thou haſt ended it. [*Opens it, and reads.*

LETTER.

I Have took in the Poyſon which you ſent, in theſe few Fatal words——Forgive me my Celinda, *I am Married——. 'Twas thou you ſaid——And I have only Life left to return——. ——Forgive me my ſweet* Bellmour *——I am dead.*

CELINDA.

— Can I hear this, and live?——I am a Villain!
In my Creation deſtin'd for all miſchief.
—To commit Rapes, and Murders, to break Vows,
As faſt as Fools do Jeſts,
Come hither Boy——
And ſaid the Lady nothing to thee?
Page. Yes—— e're ſhe read the Letter, ask'd your health,
And joy diſperſt it ſelf, in bluſhes through her cheeks.
Bell. Her beauty makes the very Boy adore it.
Page. And having read it,
She drew her Tablets from her Pocket,
And trembling — writ what I have brought you Sir.
Bell. Tho' I before had loaded up my Soul
With ſins, that wou'd have weigh'd down any other,
Yet this one more it bears, this ſin of Murder.
And holds out ſtill——What have I more to do,
But being plung'd in, in blood, to wade it through.

Enter Fricullove *in Maſquerade.* [*A Jigg.*

Friend. There ſtands the Traytor with a guilty look,
That Traytor, who the eaſier to deceive me,
Betray'd my Siſter; yet till I came and ſaw
The Perjury, I could not give a Faith to't.
—By Heaven, *Diana*, loves him, nay dotes on him,
I find it in her Eyes, all languiſhing
They feed the fire in his, arm'd with a double Rage,
I know I ſhall go through with my Revenge.
Sir Tim. Fair Maid——

Phil. How do you know that Sir?

Sir Tim. I see y'are fair, and I guess you're a Maid.

Phil. Your guess, is better than your eye-sight, Sir.

Sir Tim. What e're you are, by Fortune, I wish you would permit me to love you with all faults.

Phil. You? Pray who are you?

Sir Tim. A Man, a Gentleman——and more, a Knight too, by Fortune.

Phil. Then 'twas not by merit Sir — But how shall I know you are either of these?

Sir Tim. That I'm a Man, the effects of my vigorous flame shall prove—a Gentleman my Coat of Arms shall testifie, and I have the Kings Patent for my Title.

Phil. For the first, you may thank your Youth, for the next your Father, and the last your Money.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I love thee for thy pertness.

Phil. Is it possible you can love at all?

Sir Tim. As much as I dare.

Phil. How de ye mean?

Sir Tim. Not to be laught at; 'tis not the Mode to love much: A Platonick Fopp, I have heard of, but this is an Age of sheere enjoyment, and little Love goes to that; we have found it incommode, and loss of time, to make long Addresses.

Enter Celinda *like a Boy.*

Phil. I find, Sir, you and I shall never agree upon this matter. But, see Sir, here's more company.

Cel. Oh Heav'n! 'tis true, these Eyes confirm my Fate.
Yonder he is — and that fair splendid thing
That gazes on him with such kind desire,
Is my blest Rival — oh he is Married.
— Gods! and yet you let him live?
Live too with all his Charms, as fine and gay,
As if you meant he shou'd undo all easie Maids.
And kill 'em for their sin of loving him.
Wretched *Celinda!*
But I must turn my Eyes from looking on't,
The fatal triumphs of my death — Which of all these
Is my Brother? Oh this is he; I know him
By the Habit he sent for to the Play-house. [*Points to* Sir Tim.
And hither he's come in Masquerade,
I know with some design against my *Bellmour*,
Whom tho' he kill me, I must still preserve.
Whilst I, lost in despair, thus as a Boy

Will seek a Death from any welcome hand,
Since I want Courage, to perform the Sacrifice.

Enter one and dances an Entry, and a Jigg, at the end on't.

Lord. Enough, enough at this time, let's see the Bride to Bed, the Bridegroom thinks it long.

Friend. Hell! Can I endure to hear all this with patience?
Shall he depart with Life to enjoy my Right,
And to deprive my Sister of her due?
——Stay——Stay——and resign
That Virgin.

Bell. Who art thou, that dar'st lay a claim to ought that's here?

Friend. This Sword shall answer ye. [*Draws.*

Bell. Tho' I cou'd spare my Life, I'll not be rob'd on't. [*Draws.*

Dia. Oh my dear *Bellmour!* [*All draw on* Bellmour's *side*——Diana *holds* Bellmour, Celinda *runs between their Swords, and defends* Bellmour; Sir Tim. Sham *and* Sharp *draw, and run into several corners, with signs of fear.*

Friend. Who art thou that thus fondly guard'st his heart? [*To* Celinda.
—Be gone——and let me meet it.

Cel. That thou may'st do through mine, but no way else.

Friend. Here are too many to encounter, and I'll defer my vengeance.

Char. Stay Sir, we must not part so. [*Ex. Drawing at the same door, thro'* Sir Tim. *sneaking out at.*
Come back I say. [*Pulls in* Sir Tim.
Slave! dost thou tremble?

Sir Tim. Sir, I'm not the Man you look for——
By Fortune, *Sham*, we're all undone!
He has mistook me for the fighting Fellow.

Char. Villain! defend thy Life!

Sir Tim. Who I Sir? I have no quarrel to you, nor no Man breathing, not I, by Fortune.

Cel. This Coward cannot be my Brother! [*Aside.*

Char. What made thee draw upon my Brother?

Sir Tim. Who? I Sir? by Fortune I love him——I draw upon him?

Char. I do not wonder thou canst lye, for thou'rt a Coward too.
Did'st not thou draw upon him? Is not thy Sword yet out?
Did I not see thee fierce, and active too, as if thou hadst dar'd?

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Why he's gone Sir; a Pox of all Mistakes, and Masquerades I say — this was your Plot *Sham.*

Char. Coward! shew then thy face.

Sir Tim. I'll be hang'd first, by Fortune; for then 'twill be plain 'twas I, because I challeng'd *Bellmour* last night, and broke my assignation this morning. [*Aside.*

Char. Shew thy face without delay, or ——

Sir Tim. My face, Sir, I protest, by Fortune, 'tis not worth seeing.

Char. Then Sirra, you are worth a kicking — take that — and that — [*Kicks him.*

Sir Tim. How Sir? how?

Char. So Sir, so. [*Kicks him again.*

Sir Tim. Have a care Sir —— by Fortune, I shall fight with a little more.

Char. Take that to raise you. [*Strikes him.*

Sir Tim. Nay then I am angry, and I dare fight. [*They fight out.*

Lord. Go, Ladies, see the Bride to her Chamber. [*Ex. Women.*

Bell. The Knight, *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*,
— The Rascal mist me at the appointed place,
And comes to attack me here. — [*Turns to Cel.*
—— Brave Youth! I know not how
I came to merit this Relief from thee.
Sure thou'rt a stranger to me, thou'rt so kind.

Cel. Sir, I believe those happy ones that know you
Had been far kinder, but I'm indeed a stranger.

Bell. May'st thou be ever so, to one so wretched;
I will not ask thy name, lest knowing it,
(I am such a Monster) I should ruine thee.

Cel. Oh how he melts my Soul! I cannot stay,
Lest Grief, my Sex, and Business shou'd betray. [*Aside.*
—— Farewell Sir ——
—— May you be happy in the Maid you love. [*Ex. Cel.*

Bell. Oh dost thou mock my griefs — by Heaven he did.
—— Stay Sir — he's gone.

Enter Charles, Bellmour.

Char. The Rogue took courage, when he saw there was no remedy; but there's no hurt done on either side.

Lord. 'Tis fit such as he shou'd be chastis'd, that do abuse Hospitality. Come, come, to Bed, the Lady, Sir, expects you. [*Exeunt.*

Bell. Gentlemen, good night.

Enter

Enter Diana, *Scene a Bedchamber.*

Dia. I long to know the cause of *Bellmour*'s disorder to night,
And here he comes.

Enter Bellmour, Lord, Charles, *and the rest.*

Char. Shan't we see you laid Brother?
Bell. Yes in my Grave, dear *Charles*,
But I'll excuse that Ceremony here.
Char. Good night, and no rest to you Brother. [*Ex. all but* Bellmour *and* Diana.

Dia. Till now my *Bellmour*, I wanted opportunity
To ask the cause, why on a joyful day,
When Heaven has join'd us, by a sacred tye,
Thou droopst like early Flowers, with Winter storms.
Bell. Thou art that Winter storm, that nips my Bud,
All my young springing hopes, my gay desires,
The prospect of approaching joyes of Love,
Thou in a hapless minute hast took from me,
And in its room,
Hast given me an eternal desperation.
Dia. Have you then given me Vows ye can repent of?
Bell. I given ye Vows! be witness ye just Powers!
How far I was from giving any Vows:
No, no, *Diana*, I had none to give!
Dia. No Vows to give!
What were they which to the holy Man
Thou didst repeat, when I was made all thine?
Bell. The effects of low submission! such as Slaves
Condemn'd to dye, yield to the angry Judge.
Dia. Dost thou not love me then?
Bell. Love thee! no by Heaven! yet wish I were so happy,
For thou art wondrous fair, and wondrous good!
Dia. Oh what a defeat is here!
The onely Man, who from all Natures store
I found most charming, fit for my desires,
And now after a thousand expectations,
Such as all Maids that Love like me do hope,
Just ready for the highest joyes of Love!
Then to be met thus cold —— nay worse with scorn. [*Aside.*
—Why since you could not love me, did you marry me?
Bell. Because I was a Beast! a very Villain!
That stak'd, a wretched Fortune, to all my joyes of Life.

And

And like a prodigal Gameſter loſt that all.

Dia. How durſt you, Sir, knowing my Quality,
Return me this falſe Pay, for Love ſo true?
——Was this a Beauty, Sir, to be neglected?

Bell. Fair angry Maid, frown on, frown till you kill,
And I ſhall dying bleſs thoſe Eyes that did ſo.
For ſhou'd I live, I ſhou'd deprive the happier World
Of treaſures, I am too wretched to poſſeſs.
And wer't not pity that vaſt ſtore of Beauty,
Shou'd like rich Fruit, dye on the yielding Boughs.

Dia. And are you then reſolv'd to be a ſtranger to me?

Bell. For ever! for a long Eternity.

Dia. Oh thou'ſt undone me then; haſt thou found out
A Maid more fair, more worthy of thy Love?
Look on me well.

Bell. I have conſider'd thee,
And find no blemiſh in thy Soul, or Form;
Thou art all o're Divine, yet I muſt hate thee,
Since thou haſt drawn me to a mortal ſin,
That cannot be forgiven, by Men, or Heaven:
—Oh thou haſt made me break a Vow *Diana*,
A Sacred Solemn Vow,
And made me wrong the ſweeteſt Innocence,
That ever bleſt the Earth.

Dia. Inſtead of cooling, this augments my fire, [*Aſide.*
No pain is like defeated, new deſire.
'Tis falſe, or but to try my Conſtancy.
Your Miſtriſs is not ſo Divine as I,
And ſhou'd I, 'gainſt himſelf believe the Man
Who firſt inſpir'd my heart with Loves ſoft flame!

Bell What bliſs on me inſenſible you throw,
I'de rather hear thee ſwear, thou art my Foe,
And like ſome Noble and Romantick Maid
With Poniards, wou'd my ſtubborn heart invade,
And whil'ſt thou doſt the faithful Relique tear,
In every Vein thoud'ſt find *Celinda* there.

Dia. Come, Sir, you muſt forget *Celinda*'s Charms,
And reap delights within my circling Arms,
Delights that may your Errors undeceive,
When you find joyes, as great as ſhe can give.

Bell. What do I hear?——Is this the kind relief
Thou doſt allow to my deſpair and grief?—— Then to be met thus cold ——
Is this the comfort that thou doſt impart
To my all wounded, bleeding, dying heart?

Were

Were I so Brutal —— cou'd thy Love comply
To serve it self with base Adultery?
For cou'd I love thee, cou'd I love agen,
Our Lives wou'd be but one continued Sin;
A Sin of that black die, a Sin so foul,
'Twould leave no hopes of Heav'n for eithers Soul.

Dia. Dull Man! Dost think a feeble vain Excuse,
Shall satisfie me for this Nights abuse?
No, since my Passion, thou'st defeated thus,
And rob'd me of my long wish'd happiness,
I'll make thee know what a wrong'd Maid can do,
Divided 'twixt her Love, and Injuries too.

Bell. I dare thy worst
Shou'd Hell assist thy aims, thou cou'dst not find
New Plagues, unless thou shou'dst continue kind,
Hard Fate *Diana*, when thy Love must be
The greatest Curse that can arrive to me.
—That friendship which our Infant years begun,
And till this day has still continued on,
I will preserve, and my Respects shall be
Profound, as what was ever paid by me.
But for my Love 'tis to *Celinda* due,
And I can pay you none that's just and true.

Dia. The rest, I'de have thee know I do despise,
I better understand my conquering Eyes:
Those Eyes that shall revenge my Love and Shame,
I'll kill thy Reputation, and thy Name. [*Ex.*

Bell. My Honour! And my Reputation, now!
They both were forfeit, when I broke my Vow.
Nor cou'd my Honour with thy Fame decline,
Whoe're prophanes thee, injures nought of mine.
This night upon the Couch my self I'll lay,
And, like *Franciscans*, let th' ensuing day
Take care for all the toils it brings with it,
Whatever Fate arrives, I can submit. [*Ex.*

The Scene a Street.

Enter Celinda, *dress as before.*

Cel. Not one kind Wound to send me to my Grave,
And yet between their angry Swords I ran,
Expecting it from *Bellmour*, or my Brothers.
Oh my hard Fate! that gave me so much Misery,

And dealt no Courage, to prevent the Cuckold.
——Why came I off alive, that fatal place
Where I beheld my *Bellmour*, in th' embrace
Of my extremely fair, and lovely Rival;
——With what kind care she did prevent my Arm
(Who greedy of the last sad parting twine)
I wou'd have thrown about him, as if she knew
To what intent I made the passionate offer.
—— What have I next to do, but seek a death
Where ever I can meet it—— Who comes here? [*Goes aside.*

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp, *with Fidlers and Boy.*

Sir Tim. I believe this is the Bed-chamber Window where the Bride and the Bridegroom lies.

Sham. Well, and what do you intend to do, if it be Sir?

Sir Tim. Why first sing a Bawdy Song, and then break the Windows, in Revenge for the Affront was put upon me to night.

Sharp. Faith, Sir, that's but a poor Revenge, and which every Footman may take of his Lady, who has turn'd him away for filching—— You know, Sir, Windows are frail, and will yield to the lusty Brick-bats; 'tis an Act below a Gentleman.

Sir Tim. That's all one, 'tis my Recreation: I serv'd a Woman so the other night, to whom my Mistris had a Pique.

Sham. Ay, Sir, 'tis a Revenge fit only for a Whore to take—— And the Affront you receiv'd to night, was by mistake.

Sir Tim. Mistake! how can that be?

Sham. Why, Sir, did you not mind, that he that drew upon *Bellmour*, was in the same dress with you?

Sir Tim. How shou'd his be like mine?

Sham. Why by the same chance, that yours was like his—— I suppose sending to the Play-house for them, as we did, they happen'd to send him such another Habit, for they have many such for dancing Shepherds.

Sir Tim. Well I grant it a mistake, and that shall repritve the Windows.

Sharp. Then, Sir, you shew'd so much courage, that you may bless the minute that forc'd you to fight.

Sir Tim. Ay, but between you and I, 'twas well he kick'd me first, and made me angry, or I had been lustily swing'd, by Fortune—— but thanks to my spleen that sav'd my bones that bout—— but then I did well ——hah! came briskly off, and the rest.

Sham. With honour, Sir, I protest.

Sir Tim Come then, we'll Serenade him. Come, Sirs, tune your Pipes, and sing.

Boy. What shall I sing, Sir?

Sir Tim. Any thing suitable to the time and place.

SONG.

SONG.

1.

The happy Minute's come, the Nymph is Laid,
Who means no more to rise a Maid
Blushing, and panting, she expects the approch
Of Joyes that kill with every touch;
Nor can her Native modesty and shame
Conceal the Ardour of her Virgin flame.

2.

And now the Amorous Youth is all undrest,
Just ready for Loves mighty Feast,
With vigorous haste the Vail aside he throws,
That does all Heaven at once disclose;
Swift as desire, into her naked Arms
Himself he throws, and rifles all her Charms.

God morrow Mr. *Bellmour*, and to your lovely Bride, long may you live, and love.

Enter Bellmour *above.*

Bell. Who is't, has sent that Curse?

Sir Tim. What a pox is that *Bellmour?* The Rogue's in choler, the Bride has not pleas'd him.

Bell. Dogs! Do you upbraid me? I'll be with you presently.

Sir Tim. Will you so——but I mod stay your coming.

Cel. But you shall, Sir.

Bell. Turn Villains!

[Sir Tim. &c. *offers to go off,* Celinda *steps forth, and draws, they draw, and fall upon her. Enter* Bellmour *behind them: They turn, and* Celinda *sides with* Bellmour, *and fights. Enter* Dia. Bellmour *fights with her, and leaves* Celinda *trembling, leaning on her Sword.*

Dia. I'll ne'r demand the cause of this disorder,
But take this opportunity to flie
To the next hands will take me up——who's here!

Cel. Not yet, my sullen heart!

Dia. Who's here? one wounded—alas——

Cel. 'Tis not so lucky—but who art thou
That dost with so much pity ask?

Dia. He seems a Gentleman—handsom, and young—— [*Aside.*
Pray ask no questions, Sir, but if you're what you seem,
Give a Protection to an unhappy Maid.
—Do not reply, but let us haste away.

Cel. Hah——What do I hear! sure 'tis *Diana.*
—Madam, with haste, and joy, I'll serve you.
—I'll carry her to my own Lodgings.
Fortune, in this, has done my Suit 'rings right,
My Rival's in my Power, upon her Wedding night. [*Aside.*
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Bellmour, Sir Tim. Sham *and* Sharp.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, that you should not know, your friend and humble servant, *Tim. Tandrey*——But thou look'st as if thou hadst not been a Bed yet.

Bell. No more I have.

Sir Tim. Nay then thou loseſt precious time, I'll not detain thee.
[*Offers to go.*

Bell. Thou art mistaken, I hate all Woman-kind——

Sir Tim. How, how!

Bell. Above an hour——hark ye Knight——I am as lewd, and as debaucht as thou art.

Sir Tim. What do you mean *Franck?*

Bell. To tell a truth, which yet I never did.
—I Whore, Drink, Game, Swear, Lye, Cheat, Rob, Pimp, Hector, All, All I do that's vicious.

Sir Tim. Bleſs me!

Bell. From such a Villain, hah!

Sir Tim. No, but that thou shouldst hide it all this while.

Bell. Till I was married only, and now I can dissemble it no longer——come——let's to a Bawdy-house.

Sir Tim. A Bawdy-house! What already!
This is the very quiddeſſence of Lewdneſs.
——Why I thought that I was wicked, but by Fortune,
This dashes mine quite out of countenance.

Bell. Oh thou'rt a puny sinner!——I'll teach thee Arts, (so rare) of sin, the least of them shall damn thee.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, *Franck*, I do not like these Arts.
Bell. Then thou'rt a Fool—I'll teach thee to be rich too.
Sir Tim. Ay, that I like.
Bell. Look here my Boyes! [*Holds up his Writings*—*which he takes out of his Pockets.*
The Writings of 3000 *l.* a year.
——All this I got by Perjury.
Sir Tim. By Fortune a thriving Sin.
Bell. And we will live in Sin while this holds out.

——*And thence to my cold Home*——*Come let's be gone.*
——*Oh that I ne'r might see the Rising Sun.* [*Ex.*

The End of the Third Act.

ACT. IV.

Scene I.

Discovers Celinda *as before sitting in a Chair,* Diana *by her in another, who sings.*

SONG.

1.

Celinda, *who did Love disdain,*
For whom had languish'd many a Swain,
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink,
She spy'd upon the Rivers brink
A Youth, whose Eyes did well declare
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

2.

At first she laugh'd, but gaz'd the while,
And soon it lessen'd to a smile; [*Thence*

Thence to surprize, and wonder came
Her Breast to heave, her Heart to flame;
Then cry'd she out, Ah now I prove
Thou art a God! Almighty Love.

3.

She won'd have spoke, but Shame deny'd,
And bad her first consult her Pride;
But soon she found that Aid was gone,
For Love, alas! had left her none.
Oh how she burns, but 'tis too late,
For in his Eyes, she reads her Fate.

Cel. Oh how numerous are her Charms ——
— How shall I pay this generous condescension,
Fair lovely Maid ——
Dia. Why do you flatter Sir?
Cel. To say you're lovely, by your self I do not,
I'm young, and have not much converst with Beauty,
Yet I'll esteem my judgment, since it knows,
Where my devotions, shou'd be justly paid:
— But Madam, may I not yet expect
To hear the Story, you so lately promis'd me.
Dia. I owe much to your goodness, Sir —— but ——
Cel. I am too young, you think, to hear a Secret;
Can I want Sence to pity your Misfortunes,
Or Passion to incite me to revenge 'em?
Dia. Oh would he were in earnest!
Cel. She's fond of me, and I must blow that flame,
Do any thing to make her hate my Brother. [*Aside.*
— But Madam, I'm impatient for your Story,
That after that, you may expect my service.
Dia. The Treatment you this Night have given a distressed Maid, enough obliges me; nor need I tell you, I'm Nobly born, something about my dress, my looks and meen, will doubtless do me reason.
Cel. Sufficiently ——
Dia. But in the Family where I was Educated, a Youth of my own Age, a Kinsman too, I chanc'd to fall in Love with; but with a Passion my Pride still got the better of, and he, I thought, repaid my young desires:

ſres: but Baſhfulneſs on his part, did what Pride had done on mine, and kept his too conceal'd. —— At laſt my Uncle, who had the abſolute dominion of us both, thought good to Marry us together.

Cel. Puniſh him Heav'n, for a Sin ſo great.
—And are you Married then?

Dia. Why is there Terror in that word?

Cel. By all that's Sacred, 'tis a word that kills me,
Oh ſay thou art not;
And I, thus low will fall, and pay thee Thanks. [*Kneels.*

Dia. You'll wiſh indeed I were not, when you know
How very, very wretched it has made me.

Cel. Should you be telling me a Tale all day,
Such as would melt a heart that ne'r could love,
'Twould not increaſe my Reaſon for the wiſh
That I had dy'd e're known you had been Married.

Dia. So many ſoft words from my *Bellmour's* mouth
Had made me mad with joy, and next to that,
I wiſh to hear 'em from this Youth;
If they be real, how I ſhall be reveng'd! [*Aſide.*
—But why at my being Married ſhould you ſigh?

Cel. Becauſe I love, is that a Wonder, Madam?
Have you not Charms ſufficient at firſt ſight
To wound a heart tender and young as mine?
Are you not heavenly fair?—oh there's my grief——
—Since you muſt be anothers.

Dia. Pray hear me out, and if you love me after,
Perhaps you may not think your ſelf unhappy.
When Night was come, ſhe long'd for Night, and all
Retir'd to give us ſilent room for joy.——

Cel. Oh I can hear no more! — by Heav'n I cannot.
—Here—ſtab me to the heart—let out my life,
I cannot live, and hear what follow'd next.

Dia. Pray hear me Sir——

Cel. Oh you will tell me he was kind——
Yes, yes—— oh God—— were not his balmy Kiſſes,
Sweeter than Incence offer'd up to Heaven?
Did not his Arms ſofter and whiter far,
Than thoſe of *Jove's*, transform'd to Wings of Swans,
Greedily claſp thee round——oh quickly ſpeak,
Whil'ſt thy fair riſing Boſome met with his;
And then—oh—then——

Dia. Alas Sir! What's the matter—ſit down awhile.

Cel. Now—I am well—pardon me lovely Creature,
If I betray a Paſſion, I'm too young
To've learnt the Art of hiding:

—I cannot hear you say that he was kind.
Dia. Kind, yes, as Blasts to Flow'rs, or early Fruit;
All gay I met him full of youthful heat,
But like a damp, he dasht my kindled flame,
And all his Reason was — he lov'd another,
A Maid he call'd *Celinda*.
Cel. Oh blessed Man!
Dia. How Sir?
Cel. To leave thee free, to leave thee yet a Virgin.
Dia. Yes, I have vow'd he never shall possess me.
Cel. Oh how you bless me—but you still are Married,
And whil'st you are so —— I must languish——
Dia. Oh how his softness moves me! [*Aside.*
—But can all this disorder spring from Love?
Cel. Or may I still prove wretched.
Dia. And can you think there are no wayes
For me to gratifie that Love?
What wayes am I constrain'd to use to work out my Revenge. [*Aside.*
Cel. How mean you Madam?
Dia. Without a Miracle, look on my Eyes——
—And Beauty —— which you say can kindle Fires,
— She that can give —— may too retain desires.
Cel. She'll Ravish me —— let me not understand you.
Dia. Look on my Wrongs——
Wrongs that would melt a frozen Chastity,
That a Religious Vow had made to Heaven.
—And next survey thy own perfections.
Cel. Hah —
Dia. Art thou so young, thou canst not apprehend me?
Fair bashful Boy, hast thou the pow'r to move,
And yet not know the bus'ness of thy Love?
Cel. How in an instant, thou hast chill'd my blood,
And made me know no Woman can be good?
'Tis Sin enough to yield —— but thus to sue
Heaven —— 'tis my bus'ness—and not meant for you.
Dia. How little Love is understood by thee,
'Tis Custom, and not Passion, you pursue;
Because enjoyment first was nam'd by me,
It does destroy, what shou'd your flame renew;
My easie yielding does your fire abate,
And mine, as much your tedious Courtship hate.
Tell Heaven—you will hereafter sacrifice,
—And see how that will please the Deities:
The ready Victim, is the Noblest way,
Your Zeal and Obligations too, to pay.

Cel.

Cel. I think the Gods wou'd hardly be ador'd,
If they their bleſſings ſhou'd unaskt afford,
And I that Beauty can no more admire
Who e're I ſue, can yield to my deſire.
Dia. Dull Youth farewell,
For ſince 'tis my Revenge that I purſue
Leſs Beauty, and more Man, as well may do. [*Offers to go.*

Enter Friendlove *diſguis'd, as one from a Camp.*

Cel. Madam you muſt not go with this miſtake. [*Holds her.*
Friend. Celinda, has inform'd me true—'tis ſhe—
Good morrow Brother, what ſo early at your devotions?
Cel. O my Brother's come, and luckily relieves me. [*Aſide.*
Friend. Your Orizons are made to a fair Saint.
—— Pray Sir what Lady's that?
Or is it blaſphemy to repeat her name?
—By my bright Arms, ſhe's fair—With what a charming
Fierceneſs, ſhe charges through my body to my heart.
—Death how her glitt'ring Eyes give fire, and wound!
And have already pierc'd my very Soul!
——May I approach her Brother?
Cel. Yes, if you dare, there's danger in it tho',
She has Charms that will bewitch you.
——I dare not ſtand their miſchief. [*Ex.*
Friend. ——Lady—I am a Soldier—yet in my gentleſt terms
I humbly beg to kiſs your lovely hands——
—Death! there's Magick in the touch.
By Heaven you carry an Artillery in every part.
Dia. This is a Man indeed fit for my purpoſe. [*Aſide.*
Friend. Nay do not view me, I am no lovely object.
I am a Man bred up to Noiſe and War,
And know not how to dreſs my looks in ſmiles;
Yet truſt me, fair one, I can love and ſerve
As well as an *Endymion*, or *Adonis*,
Wou'd you were willing to permit that ſervice.
Dia. Why Sir?—What cou'd you do?
Friend. Why—I cou'd die for you.
Dia. I need the ſervice of the living, Sir.
But do you love me, Sir?
Friend. Or let me periſh, flying from a ſingle Enemy.
I am a Gentleman, and may pretend to love you,
And what you can command, I can perform.
Dia. Take heed Sir, what you ſay, for I'm in earneſt.
Friend. Command me any thing that's juſt and brave,
And by my Eyes 'tis done.

Dia. I know not what you call juſt, or brave,
But thoſe whom I do the honour to command,
Muſt not capitulate.

Friend. Let him be blaſted with the name of Coward,
That dares diſpute your orders.

Dia. Dare you fight for me?

Friend. With a whole Army; 'tis my Trade to fight.

Dia. Nay, 'tis but a ſingle Man.

Friend. Name him.

Dia. Belmour.

Friend. Of *Yorkſhire?* —— Companion to young *Friendlove*, that came lately from *Italy?*

Dia. Yes, do you know him?

Friend. I do, who has oft ſpoke of *Belmour*;
We Travel'd into *Italy* together — But ſince, I hear,
He fell in Love with a fair cruel Maid,
For whom he languiſhes.

Dia. Heard you her name?

Friend. Diana, rich in Beauty, as in Fortune.
Wou'd ſhe had leſs of both, and more of pity.
And that I knew not how to wiſh, till now
That I became a Lover, perhaps as unſucceſsful.

Dia. I knew my Beauty had a thouſand Darts,
But knew not they cou'd ſtrike ſo quick and home. [*Aſide.*
Let your good wiſhes for your Friend alone,
Leſt he being happy, you ſhou'd be undone.
For he and you, cannot be bleſt at once.

Friend. How Madam?

Dia. I am that Maid he loves, and who hates him.

Friend. Hate him.

Dia. To death.

Friend. Oh me unhappy. [*Aſide.*

Dia. He ſighs, and turns away — am I again defeated?
Surely I am not fair, or Man's inſenſible.

Friend. She knows me not ——
And 'twas diſcreetly done to change my ſhape;
For Woman, is a ſtrange Fantaſtick Creature,
And where before, I cou'd not gain a ſmile,
Thus I may win her heart. [*Aſide.*
— Say Madam, can you love a Man that dies for you?

Dia. The way to gain me, is to fight with *Belmour*.
Tell him from me you come, the wrong'd *Diana*.
Tell him, y'ave an intereſt in my heart,
Equal to that which I have made in yours.

Friend. I'll do't; I will not ask your Reaſon, but obey.

Sweat-

Swear e're I go, that when I have perform'd it,
You'll render me possession of your heart.

Dia. By all the Vows that Heaven tyes hearts together with,
I'll be entirely yours.

Friend. And I'll not be that conscientious Fool
To stop at blessings 'cause they are not lawful,
But take 'em up, when Heaven has thrown 'em down,
Without the leave of a Religious Ceremony. [*Aside.*
Madam, this House, which I am Master of,
You shall command, whil'st I go seek this *Bellmour.*

Dia. But e're you go, I must inform you why
I do pursue him with my just Revenge.

Friend. I will attend, and hear impatiently. [*Ex.*

Scene a Bawdy-house.

Enter Mrs. Driver, *and* Betty Flauntit.

Flaunt. Driver, prethee call for a Glass, that I may set my self in order, before I go up, for really my Knight has not been at home all this night, and I am so confus'd ——

Enter one with a Glass, and two Wenches.

Lord Mrs. *Driver*, I wonder you shou'd send for me when other Women are in company; you know, of all things in the World, I hate Whores, they are the pratingst lewdest poor Creatures in nature, and I wou'd not for any thing, *Sir Timothy* shou'd know that I keep company, 'twere enough to lose him.

Mrs. Driv. Truly Mrs. *Flauntit*, this young Squire that you were sent to for, has two or three persons more with him that must be accommodated too.

Flaunt. Driver, tho' I do recreate my self a little sometimes, yet you know I value my Reputation and Honour.

Jenny. Mrs. *Driver*, why shou'd you send for us where *Flauntit* is? stinking proud Flirt, who, because she has a tawdrey Petticoat, I warrant you, will think her self so much above us, when if she were set out in her own natural colours, and her original garments, wou'd be much below us in beauty.

Mrs. Driv. Look ye *Mrs. Jenny*, I know you, and I know *Mrs. Flauntit*, but 'tis not Beauty or Wit that takes now adayes; the Age is alter'd since I took upon me this Gentile Occupation, but 'tis a fine Petticoat, right Points, and clean Garnitures, that does me credit, and takes the Gallant, tho' on a stale Woman: And again, *Mrs. Jenny*, she's kept, and

Men love as much for Malice, as for Lechery, as they call it. Oh 'tis a great mover to joy, as they say, to have a Woman that's kept.

Jen. Well! be it so, we may arrive to that excellent degree of Cracking, to be kept too one day.

Mrs. Driv. Well, well, get your selves in order to go up to the Gentlemen.

Flaunt. *Driver*, what art thou talking to those poor creatures, Lord how they stink of Paint and Pox, faugh——

Mrs. Driv. They were only complaining that you that were kept, shou'd intrude upon the priviledges of the Commoners.

Flaunt. Lord, they think there are such joyes in keeping, when I vow *Driver*, after awhile, a Miss has as painful a life, as a Wife, our Men drink, stay out late, and whore, like any Husbands.

Driv. But I hope in the Lord, *Mrs. Flauntit*, yours is no such Man, I never saw him, but I have heard he is under decent correction.

Flaunt. Thou art mistaken *Driver*, I can keep him within no moderate bounds without blows; but for his filthy custom of Wenching, I have almost broke him of that——but prethee *Driver*, who are these Gentlemen?

Driv. Truly, I know not, but they are young, and fine as Princes; two of 'em were disguis'd in Masquing Habits last night, but they have sent 'em away this morning, and they're free as Emperors——one of 'em has lost a thousand pounds at Play, and never repin'd at it: one's a Knight, and I believe his courage is cool'd, for he has ferretted my Maids over and over to night—But 'tis the fine, young handsom Squire that I design you for.

Flaunt. No matter for his handsomness, let me have him that has most money. [*Ex.*

Scene a Chamber, a Table with Box and Dice.

Enter Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp.

Bell. Damn it, give us more Wine. [*Drinks.*
Where stands the Box and Dice?——Why *Sham*.

Sham. Faith, Sir, your luck's so bad, I han't the conscience to play longer——*Sir Timothy* and you play off a hundred Guinneys, and see if luck will turn.

Bell. Do you take me for a Countrey Squire, whose Reputation will be crackt at the loss of a petty thousand? you have my Note for't to my Goldsmith.

Sham. 'Tis sufficient if it were for ten thousand.

Bell. Why *Sir Timothy*——Pox on't thou'rt dull, we are not half debauch't and lewd enough, give us more Wine.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Faith *Franck*, I'm a little maukish with sitting up all night, and want a small refreshment this morning——Did we not send for Whores?

Bell. No, I am not in humor for a Wench—
By Heaven I hate the Sex.
All but divine *Celinda*
Appear strange Monsters to my eyes and thoughts.

Sir Tim. What art Italianiz'd, and loveſt thy own Sex?

Bell. I'm for any thing that's out of the common Road of Sin, I love a Man that will be damn'd for ſomething! To creep by ſlow degrees to Hell, as if he were afraid the World ſhou'd ſee which way he went, I ſcorn it, 'tis like a Conventickler——No, give me a Man, who, to be certain of's damnation, will break a Solemn Vow to a Contracted Maid.

Sir Tim. Ha, ha, ha, I thought thou wou'dſt have ſaid at leaſt—had murder'd his Father, or raviſh'd his Mother—break a Vow quoth ye—by Fortune I have broke a thouſand.

Bell. Well ſaid my Boy! a Man of Honour! and will be ready when-ere the Devil calls for thee——So—ho—more Wine, more Wine, and Dice.

Enter a Servant with Dice and Wine.

Come, Sir, let me—— [*Throws and loſes.*

Sir Tim, What will you ſet me, Sir?

Bell. Cater Tray——a hundred Guinneys—oh damn the Dice——'tis mine——come a full Glaſs——Damnation to my Uncle.

Sir Tim. By Fortune, I'll do thee reaſon——give me the Glaſs——and *Sham*, to thee——Confuſion to the muſty Lord.

Bell. So——now I'm like my ſelf, profanely wicked.
A little room for life—but ſuch a life
As Hell it ſelf ſhall wonder at——I'll have a care
To do no one good deed in the whole courſe on't,
Leſt that ſhou'd ſave my Soul in ſpite of Vow-breach.
——I will not dye——that peace my ſins deſerve not.
I'll live, and let my Tyrant Uncle, ſee
The ſad effects of Perjury, and forc'd Marriage.
——Surely the Powers above envy'd my bliſs,
Marrying *Celinda*, I had been an Angel!
So truly bleſt, and good. [*Weeps.*

Sir Tim. Why how now *Franck*——by Fortune the Rogue is Maudlin—So, ho, ho, ſo-ho.

Bell. The matter?

Sir Tim. Oh art awake—What a Devil ayl'ſt thou *Franck*?

Bell. A Wench, or any thing——come, let's drink a round.

Sham. They're come as wiſht for,

Enter

Enter Flauntit, Driver, Doll *and* Jenny *mask'd.*

Bell. Oh Damn 'em! What shall I do?
Yet it wou'd look like Virtue to avoid 'em.
No, I must venture on——Ladies y'are welcom.

Sir Tim. How the Women? — Hold, hold, *Bellmour*, let me choose too — Come, come, unmask, and shew your pretty Faces.

Flaunt. How? *Sir Timothy!* What Devil ow'd me a spite. [*Aside.*

Sir Tim. Come, unmask, I say, a willing Wench wou'd have shew'd all in half this time.

Flaunt. Wou'd she so Impudence! [*Pulls off her Mask.*

Sir Tim. How! my *Betty!*

Flaunt. This is the Trade you drive, you eternal Fopp, when I sit at home expecting you night after night.

Sir Tim. Nay dear *Betty!*——

Flaunt. 'Tis here you spend that which should buy me Points, and Petticoats, whil'st I go like no bodies Mistriss, I'd as live be your Wife at this rate, so I had; and I'm in no small danger of getting the Foul Disease by your Lewdness.

Sir Tim. Victorious *Betty*, be merciful, and do not ruine my Reputation amongst my Friends.

Flaunt. Your Whores, you mean, you Sott you.

Sir Tim. Nay triumphant *Betty*, hear thy poor *Timy.*

Flaunt. My poor *Ninny*, I'm us'd barbarously, and won't endure it.

Sir Tim. I've won Money to night, *Betty*, to buy thee Cloaths — hum —hum— Well said *Franck*, towse the little Jilts, they came for the purpose.

Flaunt. The Devil confound him, what a Prize have I lost by his being here—— my comfort is, he has not found me out tho', but thinks I came to look for him, and accordingly I must dissemble.

Bell. What's here? a Lady all in tears!

Sir Tim. An old acquaintance of mine, that takes it unkindly that I am sot change—*Betty*, say so too, you know I can settle nothing till I'm Married, and he can do it swingingly, if we can but draw him in.

Flaunt. This mollifies something, do this, and you'll make your peace; if not, you Rascal your Ears shall pay for this nights transgression.

Sir Tim. Come hither *Franck*, is not this a fine Creature!

Bell. By Heaven a very Devil!——

Sir Tim. Come, come, approach her, for if you'll have a Miss, this has all the good qualities of one——go, go——Court her, thou art so bashful——

Bell. I cannot frame my tongue to so much blasphemy, as 'tis to say kind things to her — I'll try my heart tho'—Fair Lady—Damn her, she is

's not fair — nor sweet — nor good — nor ——— something I must say for a beginning. Come Lady — dry your eyes.
This Man deserves not all the tears you shed.
——So — at last the Devil has got the better of me,
And I am enter'd.

Flaunt. You see, Sir, how miserable we Women are that love you Men.

Bell. How did you love him! love him against his will.

Flaunt. So it seems, Sir —

Bell. Oh thou art wretched then indeed, no wonder if he hate thee — Does he not Curse thee? Curse thee till thou'rt damn'd, as I do lost *Diana?* [*Aside.*

Flaunt. Curse me! he were not best in my hearing.
Let him do what he will behind my back.
What ails the Gentleman? —

Bell. Gods! What an odious thing meer Coupling is!
A thing which every sensual Animal
Can do as well as we — but prethee tell me,
Is there nought else between the Nobler Creatures?

Flaunt. Not that I know of, Sir — Lord he's very silly, or very innocent, I hope he has his Maidenhead; if so, and rich too, oh what a booty were this for me! [*Aside.*

Bell. 'Tis wondrous strange,
Why was not I, created like the rest;
Wild, and insensible, to fancy all.

Flaunt. Come, Sir, you must learn to be gay, to sing, to dance, and talk of any thing, and fancy any thing that's in your way too.

Bell. Oh I can towse, and ruffle, like any Leviathan when I begin ——. Come prove my vigor. [*Towses her.*

Flaunt. Oh Lord Sir! you tumble all my garniture.

Bell. There's Gold to buy thee more —

Flaunt. Oh sweet Sir ——— wou'd my Knight were hang'd, so I were well rid of him now — Well Sir, I swear you are the most agreeable person —

Bell. Am I? — let us be more familiar then — I'll kiss thy hand, thy breast, thy lips — and —

Flaunt. All — you please Sir —

Bell. A tractable Sinner! [*Offers to kiss her.*
Faugh — how she smells — had I approach'd so near divine *Celinda*, what a natural Fragrancy had sent it self through all my ravisht senses!

Flaunt. The Man's extasi'd, sure I shall take him. [*Aside.*
Come, Sir, you are sad.

Bell. As Angels fall'n from the Divine abode,
And now am lighted on a very Hell!
— But this is not the way to thrive in wickedness;

I must

I must rush on to ruine—— Come fair Mistress,
Will you not shew me some of your Arts of Love,
For I am very apt to learn of Beauty — Gods——
What is it I negotiate for—— a Woman!
Making a bargain to possess a Woman!
Oh never, never!

Flaunt. The Man is in Love, that's certain—— as I was saying, Sir—

Bell. Be gone Repentance! thou needless goodness,
Which if I follow, canst lead me to no joyes.
Come tell me the price of all your pleasures.

Sir Tim. Look you Mistriss, I am but a Countrey Knight,
Yet I shou'd be glad of your farther acquaintance.
—— Pray who may that Lady be——

Driv. Who Mrs. *Flaunt*it Sir?

Sir Tim I she? she's tearing fine by Fortune.

Driv. I'll assure you, Sir, she's kept—and is a great Rarity, but to a Friend or so ——

Sir Tim. Hum —kept— pray by whom?

Driv. Why a silly Knight Sir, that ——

Sir Tim. I, I, silly indeed —— a Pox upon her—a silly Knight you say ——.

Driv. Ay, Sir, one she makes a very Ass of.

Sir Tim Ay so methinks—— but she's kind, and will do reason for all him.

Driv. To a Friend, a Man of Quality —— or so.

Sir Tim. Ay she blinds the Knight.

Driv. Alas, Sir, easily—— he, poor Cully, thinks her a very Saint—— but when he's out of the way, she comes to me to pleasure a Friend.

Sir Tim. But what if the Fool miss her?

Driv. She cryes Whore first, brings him upon his Knees for her fault, and a piece of Plate, or a new Petticoat, makes his Peace again.

Sir Tim. Why—— look you Mistriss, I am that Fopp, that very silly Knight, and the rest that you speak of.

Driv. How Sir? then I m undone, she's the upholder of my Calling, the very grace of my Function.

Sir Tim, Is she so? ee'n keep her to your self then, I'll have no more of her, by Fortune—— I humbly thank you for your intelligence, and the rest. Well—I see there's not one honest Whore i'th' Nation, by Fortune.

Enter Charles Bellmour *and* Trusty.

Heark ye Mistriss, what was your bus'ness here?

Flaunt. To meet a Rogue!——

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. And I to meet a Whore, and now wee're well met.

Flaunt. How Sir?

Sir Tim. Nay never be surpriz'd, for your Intrigues are discover'd, the good Matron of the House (against her Will) has done me that kindness —— you know how to live without your Keeper, and so I'll leave you.

Flaunt. You're too serviceable a Fool to be lost so. [*Aside.*

Bell. Who knows this bold Intruder?

Char. How, Sir, am I a stranger to you! but I shou'd not wonder at it, since all your last Nights actions betray'd a strange depravity of Sense. — Sir, I have sought you long, and wish I had not found you yet, since both the place and company declare, how grosly you've dissembled Virtue all this while.

Bell. Take hence that prating Boy.

Char. How Sir?—You are my elder Brother, yet I may be allow'd to do the business that I came for, and from my Uncle to demand your Wife.

Bell. You may return, and tell him that she's dead.

Char. Dead! sure, Sir, you Rave. [*Turns him about.*

Bell. Indeed I do—but yet she's dead they say.

Char. How came she dead?

Bell. I kill'd her——ask no more but leave me. [*Turns him about again.*

Char. Sir, this is Madmans language, and not to be believ'd.

Bell. Go to—y'are a sawcy Boy.

Char. Sir, I'm an angry Boy ——
But yet can bear much from a Brothers mouth,
Y'ave lost your sleep, pray Sir, go home and seek it.

Bell. Home! I have no home, unless thou meanst my Grave,
And thither I cou'd wish, thou wou'dst conduct me. [*Weeps.*

Flaunt. Pray Heaven this young virtuous Fellow don't spoil all.
—Sir, shall I send for a Scrivener to draw the Settlement you promis'd me.

Bell. Do so, and I'll order him to get it ready.

Char. A Settlement! on whom? this Woman Sir?

Bell. Yes, on this Woman Sir.

Char. Are you stark mad?—Know you where you are?

Bell. Yes, in a Bawdy-house.

Char. And this Woman, Sir——

Bell. A very Whore!——a tawdrey mercenary Whore!
And what of this?

Char. And can you love her, Sir?

Bell. No, if I did, I wou'd not gratifie her.

Char. What—is't in Charity to keep her honest?

Bell. Neither.

Char. Is your Luſt grown ſo high ——

Bell. Take that —— [*Strikes him.*

For naming but ſo baſe a thing to me.

Char. I wear a Sword, but not to draw on mad Men.
But ſince y'are ſo free Sir, I demand that Fortune, which by my Fathers Will, y'are bound to pay the day after your Wedding day; my Siſter's too is due.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha — *Sir Timothy*, come hither — who doſt think this is?

Sir Tim. A Fidler perhaps — let him play in the next Room.

Bell. No, my Brother — come to demand his Portion of me — he ſays I am in lewd company, and, like a Boy, he wou'd correct me.

Sir Tim. Why this comes of idleneſs, thou ſhouldſt have bound him Prentice in time, the Boy wou'd have made a good ſawcy Taylor.

Char. Sirra, y'are a Raſcal, whom I muſt thus chaſtiſe. [*Kicks him.*

[*They all draw, and* Bellmour *ſtands formoſt, and fights with* Charles, *the Women run ſqueaking out,* Sir Tim. Sham *and* Sharp *ſneak behind,* Truſty *interpoſes.*

Truſt. Hold, hold, I beſeech you my dear Maſters! oh what a ſight is this! two Brothers fighting with each other! oh, were my old Maſter alive, this wou'd break his heart: oh, Sir, you've kill'd your Brother.

Bell. Why then his Portion's paid. [*Charles is wounded.*

Sir Tim. How kill'd? nay 'tis time we departed then, and ſhifted for our ſelves. [*Ex.* Sir Tim. Sham *and* Sharp.

Truſt. Oh Sir, ſhall I ſend for a Chyrurgion.

Char. No for a Coach rather, I am not wounded much. [*Ex. Truſty.*

Bell. How dar'ſt thou truſt thy ſelf alone with me?

Char. Why ſhou'd I fear thee?

Bell. Becauſe I'm mad.
Mad as a Tygreſs rob'd of her dear young.

Char. What is't that makes you ſo?

Bell. My Uncles Politicks, Hell take him for't,
Has ruin'd me, thou and my ſiſter too.
By Marrying me to a fair hated Maid,
When I had plighted all my Faith before.

Enter Truſty.

Truſt. Sir, here's a Coach.

Char. Come, Brother, will you go home with me?

Bell. Home! — no, never to that place thou call'ſt ſo.
If when I'm dead, thou would'ſt behold thy Brother,
And take the laſt adieu from his cold lips: ——
(If thoſe ſo Perjur'd can deſerve that kindneſs;)
Inquire for loſt *Celinda*, at whoſe feet
Thou ſhalt behold me fall'n a Sacrifice.
Till then, I'll let miſtaken Parents know
The miſchiefs that enſue a broken Vow. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

The End of the Fourth Act.

ACT.

ACT. V.

Scene Covent-garden.

Enter Betty Flauntit *alone.*

Sure I rose the wrong way to day, I have had such damn'd ill luck every way: First to be sent for to such a Man as this *Belmour*, and, as the Devil wou'd have it, to find my Knight there: Then to be just upon the point of making my Fortune, and to be interrupted by that virtuous Brother of his: Then to have a quarrel happen, that (before I could whisper him in the ear, to say so much as meet me here again — anon) fore'd me to quit the house, lest the Constable had done it for me: Then that that silly Bawd shou'd discover all to my Cully; if this be not ill luck, the Devil's in't — But *Driver* must bring matters about, that I may see this liberal Squire again — But here comes my Noddy, I must pretend to be angry.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Lord, Lord, how you look now, as if you had committed no misdemeanor; alas, good Innocent, what canst thou say for thy self, thou Renegado thou, for being false to my bosom, say?

Flaunt. False to your bosom! You silly impudent Sott you —— who dares accuse me?

Sir Tim. E'en your trusty and well-beloved Friend Mrs. *Driver* the Bawd.

Flaunt. She! she's an impudent confounded Lyar — and because she wou'd have your Worshipful Custom —— scandaliz'd me, to breed a difference between us.

Sir Tim. I, if you cou'd make me believe that indeed; when she knew me not, nor ever saw me all dayes of her life before.

Flaunt. I know that Simpleton, but when I went to inquire for you by your name, and told her my bus'ness, our Amours are not kept so secret, nor was she so dull, as not to understand how matters went between us.

Sir Tim. Now, tho' I know this to be a damn'd Lye, yet the Devil has assisted her to make it look so like Truth, that I cannot in Honour but forgive her.

Flaunt. Forgive me! — Who shall forgive you your debauch'd Whoring and Drinking —— marry y'had need so you are such a Ruffler, at

least if y'are everywhere as you are at home with me——No, Sirra, I'll never Bed with you more; here I live sneaking without a Coach, or any thing to appear withall; when even those that were scandalous two Ages ago, can be seen in *Hide-Park* in their fine Chariots, as if they had purchas'd it with a Maidenhead; whil'st I, who keep my self entirely for you, can get nothing but the Fragments of your Debauches——I'll be damn'd before I'll endure it.

Sir Tim. Just as the Bawd said, yet I am mollifi'd——nay, dear *Betty*, forgive me, and I'll be very good for the future.

Flaunt. Will you swear to be so?

Sir Tim. I; by Fortune I will.

Flaunt Come, what will you give me then to be Friends? for you won Money last Night.

Sir Tim. Ay, that's it that appeases her highest storms——here my Jewel, here's a hundred Guineys to buy thee fine things.

Flaunt. Yes, great store of fine things, indeed, with this pitiful Sum, let me feel in your Pockets, and see if you have no more. [*She feels in his Pockets.*

Sir Tim. So, 'twas well I laid by the rest, my Peace had not been made under every Rag on't else; and what I was painfully cheating for all this Night, would have been laid out at the Mercers and Lacemans in half an hour —— Well, are you satisfi'd I have no more?

Flaunt. Have you sunk none indeed, and indeed, my Timmy?

Sir Tim. No, I need not, you sink mine fast enough, I thank ye. [*Aside.*

Flaunt. Well, get your self ready to go abroad with me. [*Ex. Flaunt.*

Sir Tim. I have other matters in hand——now have I Four hundred Guineys in Bank, which I won last Night of *Bellmour*, which I'll make use of to debauch his sister, with whom I'm damnably in love, and long for the return of my two Setting Dogs, to bring me News of the Game.

Enter Sham *and* Sharp.

Oh are you come.

Sham. Ay, Sir, with News worth the hearing; I have been diligent, Sir, and got my self acquainted with the old Steward of the Family, an avaricious *Judas*, that will betray for Gold.

Sir Tim. And that we'll furnish him with——his Masters Gold, like all other mortal things, must return from whence it came.

Sharp. Not all, Sir, for *Sham* and I have dispos'd of part.

Sir Tim. Indeed you are a little shabby.

Sham. Ay, Sir, Fools were made to repair the breaches of us that have Wit enough to manage 'em.

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. What——the Goldſmith paid the Money at ſight, without demanding why?

Sharp. Readily Sir——he's a brave Fellow, and muſt not be loſt ſo.

Sham. By no means, we muſt make uſe of him whil'ſt he's hot, for I doubt the humor is not natural, and I fear he may cool.

Sir Tim. But to our buſineſs.

Sharp. Ay, Sir, this ſame Siſter of his you muſt have. If it be but to put that inſolent Whore *Flauntit* out of favour, who manages this Fopp too intirely. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. Ay, but art thou ſure there is no danger in this Enterprize? ſhall I not have my throat cut? and the reſt.

Sham. We have none of that *Italian* humor now adayes, I can aſſure ye; they will ſooner with a Brotherly kindneſs, aſſiſt the yielding Siſter, to the willing Gallant.

Sir Tim. A good thriving inclination, by Fortune.

Sham. And, Sir, you have all encouragement; her Brother, you heard, refus'd to pay her Portion, and you know the Fate of a young handſom Wench in this Town, that relies on weak Virtue – then becauſe ſhe's in the houſe with her Uncle, this ſame Steward has contriv'd matters ſo, to bring you in at the Back-door, her Lodgings being in the Garden.

Sir Tim. This is ſomething——oh I'm impatient to be with her—— Well, I muſt in, and make ſome Lye to *Betty* for my abſence, and be with you preſently. [*Ex.* Sir Tim.

Sharp. What deſign haſt thou in hand? for I ſuppoſe there is no ſuch real thing, as the debauching of this Lady.

Sham. Look ye *Sharp*, take to thee an implicit Faith, and believe impoſſibilities; for thou and I muſt cozen this Knight.

Sharp. What our Patron?

Sham. I *Sharp*, we are bound to labour in our Callings, but mum—here he comes.

Enter Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Come, let's away, my Lyoneſs begins to roar.
——You *Sharp* go ſeek after *Bellmour*, watch his motions, and give us notice. [*Ex.*

Flaunt. He is gone, and I believe [Betty Flauntit *peeping out.*
For no goodneſs; I'll after him, and watch him. [*Ex. croſs the ſtage.*

Enter Lord Flotwell, Charles, Truſty, *and two Servants.*

Lord. In a Bawdy-houſe, with Whores, Hectors, and Dice! oh that I ſhou'd be ſo deceiv'd in Mankind, he whom I thought all Virtue and Sobri-

Sobriety! but go some of you immediately, and take Officers along with you, and remove his Quarters, from a Bawdy-house to a Prison, charge him with the murder of his Wife.

Char. My Lord, when I demanded her, he said indeed that she was dead, and kill'd by him; but this, I guess, was the effects of madness, which debauchery, and want of sleep, has brought him to.

Lord. That shall be try'd; go to the place where *Charles* has directed you, and do as I command you. [*Ex. Servants.*

— Oh sweet *Diana*, in whom I had plac'd my absolute delight,
And gave thee to this Villain, because I wisht thee happy.
And are my expectations fall'n to this?
Upon his Wedding Night to abandon thee!
And shew his long dissembled Natural Lewdness.

Char. My Lord, I hope, 'tis not his Natural Temper,
For e're we parted, from a Brutal Rudeness,
He grew to all the softness Grief cou'd dictate.
He talkt of breach of Vows, of Death, and Ruine,
And dying at the feet of a wrong'd Maid,
I know not what he meant.

Lord. Ay, there's his grief; there is some Jilting Hussy has drawn him in, but I'll revenge my self on both.

Enter Page.

Page. A Letter for your Lordship.

Lord Reads.

MY LORD,

AS your goodness has been ever great towards me, so I humbly beseech you to continue it; and the greatest proofs you can give me of it, is to use all your int'rest to undo that tye between Bellmour *and my self, which with such joy you knit. I will say no more, but as you love my Life, and my dearer Honour, get a Divorce, or you will see both Ruin'd in*

Your Diana.

[*Gives* Charles *the Letter.*

A Divorce; yes, if all my Interest or Estate can purchase it — some joy yet that thou art well.

Char. Doubtless her Reasons must be great for this Request.

Lord. Yes, for she lov'd him passionately, when I first told her of my designs to Marry 'em together, she could not hide her joy; which was one Motive, I urg'd it to him with such violence.

Char.

Char. Persons so near of Kin, do seldom prosper in the Marriage Bed.

Lord. However 'tis, I now think fit to unmarry 'em;
And as for him, I'll use him with what Rigor,
The utmost limits of the Law allows me.

Char. Sir, I beseech you.

Lord. You beseech me! you, the Brother of the Villain! That has abus'd the best of all my hopes? —— no I think —— I shall grow (for his sake) to hate all that belong to him.

Char. Sir, how have I offended?

Lord. Yes Sir, you have offended me, and Nature has offended me; you are his Brother, and that's an offence to me.

Char. Is that a fault, my Lord?

Lord. Yes, Sir, a great one, and I'll have it so; and let me tell you, you nor your Sister (for that Reason) must expect no more friendship at my hands, than from those that are absolute strangers to you: your Brother has refus'd you your Portions, and I'll have as little mercy as he, and so farewell to you—But where's the Messenger that brought the Letter?

Page. Without my Lord. [*Ex. Lord and Page.*

Trust. Here's like to be a hopeful end of a Noble Family. My comfort is, I shall dye with grief, and not see the last of ye. [*Weeps.*

Char. No *Trusty*, I have not been so meanly educated, but I know how to live, and like a Gentleman: all that afflicts me in this misfortune, is my dear Sister *Phillis*; she's young, and to be left poor in this loose Town, will ruine her for ever.

Trust. Sir I think we were best to Marry her out of the way.

Char. Marry her! to whom? who is't regards poor Virtue?

Trust. For that let me alone; and if you dare trust her to my management, I'll undertake to Marry her to a Man of 2000 l. a year; and if I fail, I'll be sure to keep her Honour safe.

Char. Prethee how wilt thou do this?

Trust. Sir, I have serv'd your Family these thirty years, with faith and love, and if I lose my credit now, I'll ne'r pretend to't more.

Char. Do what thou wilt, for I am sure thou'rt honest,
And I'll resign my Sister to thy conduct,
Whil'st I endeavor the conversion of my Brother. [*Ex. Char.*

Enter Phillis.

Phil. No News yet of my Brother.

Trust. None: the next you'll hear is, that he's undone, and that you must go without your Portions; and worse than that, I can tell you your Uncle designs to turn you out of doors.

Phil. Alas! what shou'd I do, if he shou'd be so cruel? Wou'd I were

were in *Flanders* at my Monastry again, if this be true.

Trust. I have better bus'ness for you, than telling of Beads——, No, Mrs. *Phillis* you must be Married.

Phill. Alas! I am too young, and sad for Love.

Trust. The younger, and the less Love, the better.

Enter Page.

Page. Mr. *Trusty*, here's a Gentleman wou'd speak with you, he says his name's Mr. *Sham.*

Trust. Gud's me Mistriss, put on all your Holyday looks, for this is the little Merchant of Love by Retail, that brings you the Husband I promis'd you.

Enter Sham.

Sham. Well Mr. *Trusty*, I have brought *Sir Timothy*, as I promis'd, he is at the Garden door.

Trust. The best time in the World, my Lord's out of the way.

Sham. But you know our conditions.

Trust. Yes, that if he Marry her, you are to have all the Money that he offers to debauch her.

Sham. Right.

Trust. Bring him in then, and I'll civilly withdraw. [*Ex. Trusty.*

Enter Sham, *bringing in* Sir Timothy.

Sir Tim. Well *Sham*, thou hast prepar'd all things, and there needs no Ceremony.

Sham. None, none Sir, you may fall down-right to the bus'ness.

Enter Phillis.

Sir Tim. Sing. *Come, my* Phillis, *let us improve*
Both our joyes of equal Love,
Whil'st we in yonder shady Grove,
Count Minutes by our Kisses.

Phill. What sort of Courtship's this? 'tis very odd!

Sir Tim. 'Pox on Formal Fopps, we have high-born and generous Souls, and scorn the common Road — Come, let's enjoy, whil'st Youth and Beauty lasts.

Phill. What means this Rudeness? I'll tell my Brother.

Sir Tim. Your Brother, by Fortune he's so lewd, that should I be so unconscionable to leave thee a Virgin but this Night, he would Ravish thee himself, and that at cheaper Rates than I design to do it.

Phill.

Phill. How dare you talk to me at this rate?

Sir Tim. Talk to thee —— by Fortune I'll play the *Tarquin* with thee, if thou yieldst not quickly —— for thou hast set me all on fire.

Phill. Defend me, Heav'n from such a Man.

Sir Tim. Then it must defend you from all the Sex, for all Mankind are like me, nay, and all Woman-kind are, or wou'd be, what I must make thee.

Phill. What's that, a Wench?

Sir Tim. Fie, fie, that's a gross name, no, a Miss, that's the word —— a Lady of delight, a Person of pleasure, and the rest; I'll keep thee, not a Woman of Quality shall be half so fine —— Come, dear *Phillis*, yield — Oh I am mad for the happy hour —— come, say the word, 'tis but inclining thy head a little thus —— the pretty Eyes down, and thy Cheeks all blushes, and fetching a long sigh —— thus — with — do — what you please — at the end on't —— and I shall take it for granted.

Phill. That, Sir, you'll never hear me say to any thing but a Husband, if I must say it then.

Sir Tim. A Husband! it is enough to spoil a Mans appetite, the very naming on't —— By Fortune thou hast been bred with thy great Grandmother, some old Queen *Elizabeth* Lady, that us'd to preach warnings to young Maidens; but had she liv'd in this Age, she wou'd have repented her Error, especially had she seen the Sum that I offer thee —— Come, let's in, by Fortune, I'm so vigorous, I shall ravish else.

Phill. Unhand me, or I'll call out. I assure you this is not the way to gain me.

Sir Tim. I know there is a way to gain all mortal Woman-kind, but how to hit the Critical Minute of the Berjere ——

Phill. Is past your Politicks at this time Sir.

Sir Tim. I'll try all wayes, and the Devil's in't if I don't hit upon the right at last. [*Aside.*

All the soft things I've said ——

Phill. That a Knight of your Parts ought to say.

Sir Tim. Then I have kneel'd — and cry'd — and swore — and —

Phill. And damn'd your self five hundred times —

Sir Tim. Yet still y'are impregnable —— I'll make another Proposition to you, which is both reasonable and modish — If it prove a Boy — I'll Marry you —— the Devil's in't, if that be not fair.

Phill. You get no earnest of me, Sir, and so farewell to you.

[*Ex.* Phillis.

Enter Sham.

Sir Tim. Oh *Sham*, I am all over fire, mad to enjoy! I have done what Man can do (without doing what I wou'd do) and still she's Flint; nothing will down with her but Matrimony —— what shall I do? for thou

knowst I cannot Marry a Wife without a Fortune.

Sham. Sir, you know the old Cheat, hire a Lay Rascal in a Canonical Habit, and put a false Marriage upon her.

Sir Tim. Lord, that this shou'd not enter into my Coxcomb before? haste then and get one —— I'll have it done immediately, whilst I go after her to keep up my flame. [*Ex. Sir Tim.*

Sham. And I'll fit you with a Parson presently. [*Ex.*

The Scene a Street.

Enter Friendlove *disguis'd as before.*

Friend. I find *Diana* knows me not, and this years absence, since I first made my Addresses to her, has alter'd me much, or she has lost the remembrance of a Man, whom she ever disesteem'd till in this lucky dress, the price of her Favour is *Bellmour*'s life; I need not have been brib'd for that, his breach of Faith both to my sister and my self, enough incites me to Revenge — He has not yet enjoy'd her, that blessing is reserv'd for me alone; and tho' the Priest have join'd 'em, that Marriage may be disannull'd, and she has a Fortune sufficient to excuse her other faults.

Enter Bellmour *sad.*

— Hah! the Man I seek, —— so near my Lodgings too — Sir!

Bell. Sir!

Friend. Traytor! thou knowst me, and my business. —Look on this face, if thou dar'st look on him, whom thou hast doubly wrong'd —— and draw thy Sword.

Bell. Thou shou'dst be *Friendlove*, Brother to *Celinda*.

Friend. And Lover of *Diana* too — oh quickly draw,
Or I shall leave thee like a Coward, dead.

Bell. No, rather like a Sacrifice, [*Offers to embrace him.*
And thou shou'dst be the Priest should offer it;
But that I have yet
For some few moments, business for my life.

Friend. I can allow no time for business now,
My injuries are in haste, and so am I.

Bell. Should'st thou stab here, a thousand gaping wounds,
Upon this false, this perjur'd heart of mine,
It wou'd not part with life, unless 'twere laid
Near to the Sacred Altar of my Vows.
Lo at the feet of my fair injur'd Wife.

Friend. Ha! — means he his Wife! [*Aside.*
Canst thou repent thy injuries to her,

And

And leave the reſt of all thy ſins neglected?
Bell. Thoſe I have done to thee, tho' foul and barb'rous
May plead the excuſe of force — but thoſe to her,
Not thou, nor I, nor ſhe, or Heav'n can pardon.
Friend. Heav'ns!
My ſiſters wrongs, and mine, may plead excuſe,
But thoſe to her alone can ne're be pardon'd.
— This place, Sir, is too open — come with me,
For I've deſir'd, and now reſolve to kill thee.
Bell. And ſo thou ſhalt, defenceleſs, I will yield,
And leave my boſom, open to thy Sword.
— But firſt conduct me to my Wife.
For I will ſee her — nor can I dye unpardon'd.
Friend. See his Wife! — of whom do you demand her?
Bell. Of thee! — dar'ſt thou detain me? [*Offers to go in.*
Friend. Death how ſhou'd he know ſhe's here! [*Aſide.*
— Stay, Sir, this way our buſ'neſs lies [*Pulls him back.*
Bell. I ask not thine, but mine lies only this way. [*Offers to go in again.*
Friend. By Heav'n you ſhall not enter here!
Bell. I know thou loveſt her,
And 'tis with reaſon thou deny'ſt an entrance
To one ſo much unworthy to approach her.
Friend. Yes, I do love her, and dare own it too;
And will defend her from one ſo baſe and treacherous.
Bell. Who dares deny thy Reaſons?
Friend. Sh'as made me take an Oath, to fight with thee.
And every wound, my lucky Sword ſhou'd make,
She bad me ſay, was ſent thee from her hate.
Bell. Oh I believe thee! prethee tell on, young man,
That I may dye without the aid of wounds.
Friend. To break thy heart, know then, ſhe loves another.
And has took back the Vows ſhe made to thee,
And given 'em to a Man more worthy of 'em.
Bell. Alas! I credit thee — yet — then by Heav'n ſhe's falſe!
And I will know, why 'tis ſhe is thus perjur'd. [*Offers to go.*
— Nay now — nor Heav'n, nor Hell, ſhall hinder me.
— Stand off, or to the number I'll add one ſin more,
And make my paſſage to her through thy heart.
Friend. And ſo you ſhall Sir. [*They fight, Bellmour diſarms Friend and runs in.*
— Diſarm'd! by Heav'n you ſhall not ſo eſcape
A Rage that is too juſt here to give o're.

The Scene changes to the inſide of Friendloves *Lodgings.*

Enter Celinda, *as before, met by Nurse.*

Nur. Oh Madam, here's Mr. *Bellmour*, he has wounded my young Maſter, who deni'd him entrance, and is come into the houſe, and all in Rage demands his Wife.

Cel. Oh Heav'n! demands his Wife! is that ſad Curſe,
Added to all the reſt — does he then love her?

Enter Bellmour *with two Swords.*

Nur. Whether do you preſs Sir? And what's your buſineſs?

Bell. To ſee my Wife, my Wife, impertinence.
And muſt I meet with nought but oppoſition? [*Puſhes her roughly away.*

Cel. Let him come in.

Nur. Marry he lets himſelf in, I thank him.

Cel. What Man art thou thus cover'd o're with horror!

Bell. One ſent from Hell, to puniſh Perjury!
— Where's this perfidious Fair? this bluſhleſs Maid!
That has by my example broke her Vows!
A Preſident that Fiends, wou'd ſhame to follow.

Cel. Who is't you mean Sir?

Bell. A thing that has no name, ſhe is ſo bad!
One who ſo lately gave her ſelf to me,
And now is flown into anothers Arms.
One that attacks my life, for the ſame ſins,
Which ſhe her ſelf commits — and thinks to live too.
— Yet ſtill ſhe is my Wife, whom I have injur'd:
Till when, ſhe was a Saint — come lead me to her.
Tho' ſhe be falſe as I, yet I'll forgive it. [*Throws by the Swords.*

Cel. Heav'ns! he repents his Cruelty to her,
And never mentions me! Ah then 'tis time to die.
And that I may be ſure of death — [*Aſide.*
Well, Sir, I will conduct this happy Lady to you.

Bell. Gods! happy! — whil'ſt I am wretched. [*Ex. Cel.*
— Oh what an Ague chills my ſhivering Limbs,
Turns my hot rage, to ſofteſt love, and ſhame,
Were I not here to dye — here at her feet,
I wou'd not ſtand the ſhock of her Reproaches.
— But yet ſhe need not ſpeak, a look's ſufficient
To call up all my ſins to my undoing —
— She comes — Oh Heav'n! ſhe comes —

Enter,

Enter Celinda *and* Diana.

——Like penitent Criminals thus — with my Eyes declin'd,
I bow my head down, for the laſt ſad blow. [*Stands bow'd.*
Cel. Sir, in obedience to your Commands,
I've brought the Lady.
Dia. How! the perfidious *Bellmour!*
The only object of my hate and ſcorn.
Bell. Say on, my angry Deity—— [*Kneels.*
Whil'ſt I thus trembling hear my fatal doom.
Like ſinners conſcious, ne're to be forgiven,
I dare not lift my guilty Eyes towards Heaven.
Cel. Can I hear this?—and yet retain my life!
Dia. Had I but two days ſince beheld this Youth.
Thus proſtrate at my feet, I ſhou'd have thought.
My ſelf more bleſt,
Than to have been that Deity he calls me.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. Defend me! the Traytor here! and at *Diana*'s feet,
The fitteſt Altar for my Sacrifice!
—Turn, turn, from what thou loveſt, and meet my juſtice!
Cel. Oh hold, my deareſt Brother! [Bellm. *riſes, and turns about.*
Bellm. Nay, now I'm ready for the welcom Sword,
Since my *Celinda*'s falſe, and cannot pardon.
Cel. Oh do not dye with that prophane opinion.
Celinda falſe! or cannot pardon thee!
Dia. Stay, generous Sir, my pity has forgiven him.
Bell. Thou! why who art thou——*Diana!*
Dia. Yes, that *Diana*
Whom maugre all the Penitence thou ſhew'ſt,
Can ſcarce forgive the injuries thou'ſt done her.
Bell. I ſhew a Penitence for injuring thee!
By Heav'n I never cou'd do one, or other,
All that I am is the divine *Celinda's.*
Friend. He's ſtark mad! [*Aſide.*
Bell. But ſince ſhe cannot pardon, I can dye. [*Offers to fall on his Sword.*
Cel. Canſt thou not credit me! ſhe pardons thee. [*Turns her face from him.*
Live——and enjoy——*Diana.*
Bell. What art thou?—who knowſt her heart ſo well!
Art thou my Rival? the bleſſed Youth to whom
She has given her Vows?—live—and enjoy—*Diana!*
——Yes——yes——thou art my Rival, and I'll kill thee.

Cel.

Cel. Do, whilst I meet thy Sword. [*Opens her Arms,* Dia. *stays him, he lets fall his Sword, and gazes.*

Bell. Dull——dull Adorer! not to know my Saint.
Oh how have I prophan'd? to what strange Idol
Was that I kneel'd?
Mistaking it for a Divinity!

Cel. To your fair Wife *Diana!*

Bell. Oh cruel Maid!
Has Heav'n design'd me any but *Celinda?*

Dia. Maid! bless me!——did I then love a Woman?
— I am pleas'd thou shou'dst renounce me, make it good,
And set me free from Fetters which I hate.

Bell. If all our Laws can do? I will—for here
Ends all my claim. [*To Cel.*

Friend. Was this the Wife you did demand of me?

Bell. Yes, I had no other.

Dia. Fair Maid! forgive me all my shameful Passion!
And charge my fault upon your Beauty only.

Cel. Excellent Creature! I shou'd sue for that
Which my deceit will never make me hope.

Bell. And art thou true to Love, and all thy Vows?
Whilst I to save my Fortune,
(That only which cou'd make me merit thee)
Gave my unwilling hand to this fair Noble Maid.
— Ah *Friendlove*, when thou hearst my Story told,
Thou wilt forgive, and pity me.

Dia. What was't you said Sir? — *Friendlove.*

Friend. Yes, Madam, I hope the name can make no difference:
Or hate that still, so you love the Man.

Dia. Tho' I'm again defeated, yet this last
Proves least offensive, nor shall an empty word,
Alter my fix'd Resolves, to love you still.

Friend. Then I am blest!

Bell. But yet the office of the Priest has past.
What remedy for that?

Dia. My Uncle's pow'r; the nearness of our blood,
The contradiction of our circumstances.

Bell. And above all that, my Contract with *Celinda.*
— Methinks I feel a joy spread o'er my heart,
The blessed omen of approaching happiness.

Cel. I do believe thee, for by sympathy,
Mine takes new fire and hope.

Dia. I have already writ to my Uncle, and the Messenger assur'd me,
he would gratifie my desires: that done, I will be yours.
[*To Friendlove.*

Bell.

Bell. But why thus dreſt? it might have fed my Rage
Full of deſpair, and jealouſie to have hurt thee.
Cel. Sir, when the Letter came of your being Married,
I will not tell you all the effects it had
Upon my deſperate Soul;
But this I know, I had reſolv'd to dye,
But firſt to ſee you, your Page inform'd the Nurſe
All that had paſt, and of the laſt Nights Ball;
And much concern'd, me got this Habit for me,
And inform'd me how 'twas I was to Act.
And that my Brother, (deſcribing of his dreſs) was gone before;
This made me haſte, leſt e're I came,
His Rage had done the buſ'neſs, which is want for.
Friend. And ſo it had, hadſt thou not hinder'd me.
For I, Sir, was the Man, who drew on you.
Bell. And was it thou that didſt defend my heart,
That I might live to pay thy goodneſs back.
Cel. It was to ſave your life, and to expoſe my own.
Dia. Come, let's in, and conſult what's beſt for us to do.
Bell. Come my *Celinda*,
Let us no longer doubt, the Pow'rs above
Will be propitious to United Love.

[*Ex. Cel.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Lord *Plotwell* is at the door in his Coach.
Dia. My Uncle come! Sir, we will not doubt our Fortune.
But how came he to know of my being here?
Serv. Madam, I fear he follow'd me, after I had given him the Letter.

Enter Lord Plotwell, Charles, Trusty.

Lord. Bellmour and *Diana* kneeling!

[Bellmour *and* Diana *kneels.*

— Riſe, the joy I have to ſee you thus, makes me
Reſolve to grant you any thing, and pardon all that's paſt.
Bell. Be not ſo haſty in your goodneſs, Sir,
Leſt you repent as faſt.
Dia. Sir, we have an humble Suit to you.
Lord. What is it ye can jointly aſk, I will not grant?
Dia. By all that love you ever had for me,
By all thoſe Infant charms, which us'd to pleaſe you
When on your Lap, you taught my Tongue that Art
Which made thoſe dear impreſſions in your Heart,

Which

Which ever since to my advantage grew,
I do conjure you hear me now I sue,
And grant the mighty grace I beg of you.

Lord. What is it you wou'd ask?

Bell. Oh dress your Face and Eyes in gentler Looks,
If you wou'd have us hope for any mercy.

Lord. Rise, and whate're you ask, I'll freely grant.

Dia. That you'll undo that knot, that ties us two.

Lord. How! this Requeſt from thee! who lov'd him once,
And wish'd no good beyond poſſeſſing him.

Dia. Heaven has not, Sir, decreed us for each other,
Something of Fate or Chance
Has otherwiſe diſpos'd thoſe firſt Reſolves.

Lord. Too virtuous Maid, I know thou doſt but feign,
His wickedneſs has forc'd thee to this change.

Dia. No, Sir, were he the only Man
Of kind and good, I never wou'd be his.
——And if you thou'd compel me, I shou'd live
The infamous Reproach of my whole Sex.

Lord. Well, and you Sir, that are the cauſe of this,
What canſt thou ſay to move me for thy Pardon?

Bell. I am ſo guilty in your opinion,
My Prayers wou'd but make yours mercileſs;
I only ſay *Celinda* is my Wife,
And I shou'd injure this too generous Maid,
Not to adore her equal to her merit.

Lord. I ſee, Sir, you have found your Wits again.
——Well, I ſee there's no oppoſing Deſtiny,
And I have ſtill ſuch tenderneſs for thee, [*To* Dia.
That hadſt thou pleaded his Cauſe to me before,
I shou'd have been leſs cruel to him.
——Where is that Lady which you ſo admire,
Whoſe beauty does eclipſe that of *Diana*.

Bellmour *goes out, and brings in* Celinda.

Dia. This, Sir, is ſhe who merits more than I.

Lord. She's fair indeed; here *Franck*,
I give thee thy *Celinda*, whoſe beauty
Excuſes all thy faults of diſobedience.

Bell. Thus low, I thank you for this goodneſs Sir; [*Kneels.*

Lord. There only wants the ceremony of the Law to undo what's between you and *Diana*, if ſhe remain a Virgin.

Bell. For me by Heav'n ſhe is,
And for the reſt I do not doubt her virtue.

Dia.

Din. You may believe him, Sir, and this alone's the Man in whom I will, or never will be happy.

Lord. Mr. Friendlove, I give consent to't, he has a Noble Character, and what he wants in Fortune, has in Virtue — take her young Man.

Friend. 'Tis such an Honour, Sir, that (my Gratitude) without the mighty Passion I have for her, would make me ever thankful.

Lord. This Term, we shall make the former Marriage void, till then love on, and fear no frowns from Fortune — but Nephew — now I hope your Brother shall have his Portion.

Bell. My dearest *Charles*, forgive me all that's past,
And share the Fortune, Heaven has given thy Brother.

Char. The joy I have, Sir, to be undeceiv'd, is much the greatest blessing Heav'n can send me.

Enter Sir Timothy *follow'd by* Phillis, Sham, Sharp, *and* Betty Flauntit.

Sir Tim. I am pursu'd by two impertinent Women, prethee *Friendlove*, tell 'em I am gone out at the Back-door, and send 'em away.

Lord. What's the News here? ——

Sir Tim. How *Celinda* here, and *Bellmour* too! nay, now won'd I compound for my Life, at any rate, by Fortune.

Phill. Sir, this Villain here has abus'd me, and with a false Marriage has rob'd me of my Honour.

Bell. How!

Sir Tim. My Lord, I say this young Jilt won'd rob me of my self, and courting her, and enjoying her only for a Miss, would persuade me I am Married to her.

Flaunt. Sir, I say, I am doubly wrong'd in first by this false Knight, who has belong'd to me these three years, which gives me a right to him, as good as if I were Married to him; who has now unlawfully left my Bed, for that of this Gillflurt, who on the other side takes away my Knight, and consequently eats the bread out of my mouth.

Bell. What means all this? Speak some of ye that know.

Flaunt. Oh Lord! who's here! the fine Squire. *Aside.*

Trust. Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sir, is Married to Mrs. *Phillis*.

Sir Tim. How can that be a Marriage, when he who join'd us, was but a hired Fellow, drest like a Parson?

Trust. Sir, 'twas Parson *Tickle-text*, that Marry'd 'em.

Sir Tim. Oh what a damn'd lying Pimp is this! —— *Sham* did'st not thou hire a Fellow (because I was damnably in Love, and in haste) to Marry us, that was no Parson?

Sham. Why truly Sir —— I did go to hire such an one ——

Sir Tim. Look ye there now,

Shaw. But cou'd meet with none; and because you said you shou'd dye if you enjoy'd her not presently, and that she wou'd not yield on any other terms, but those of Marriage, he'ne brought the Parson that *Trusty* had provided for you.

Sir Tim. Oh Villain to betray me! and for no Reward!

Trust. Yes indeed, Sir, the 400 Guineys you left behind my young Mistresses Looking-glass fell to his share.

Sir Tim. What's my Money gone! and am I Marry'd too! This 'tis not to use to go to Church; for then I might have chanc'd to know the Parson.

Bell. Death you Dog! you deserve to dye, for your base designs upon a Maid of her quality——how durst you, Sister, without my leave, Marry that Rascal?

Phil. Sir, you deny'd me my Portion, and my Uncle design'd to turn me out of doors; and in my despairs, I accepted of him.

Flaunt. Married! and to a Wife of no Fortune! that's the worst part on't——what shall I do?

Bell. Renounce this lewd Fool, and I'll make thee a Fortune suitable to thy quality.

Sir Tim. Say you so?——Renounce me Sir! I'de have you to know I merit her: and as for Lewdness, I name no body *Bellmour*——but only some have the Art of hiding it better than I——but for Whoring, Drinking, Dicing, and all the deadly sins that thereupon depend, I thank my stars I come short of you: And since you say, I shall not have your Sister, by Fortune, I will have your Sister, and love your Sister, and lie with your Sister, in spite of you.

Lord. Well *Sir Timothy*, since my Neece has done amiss, 'tis too late to mend it——and that you may not repent, I'll take care her Fortune shall be suitable to the Jointure you'll make her.

Bell. With this Proviso that you make no Settlements to Misses, *Sir Timothy*——I am not so unreasonable to tye you up from all of that Profession; that were to spoil a fashionable Husband, and so put you quite out of Fopp Road.

Lord. This day we'll set apart for mirth,
And all must make my house their happy home.

Bell. To thee, *Celinda*, all my good I owe,
My Life, my Fortune, and my Honour too,
Since all had perish'd by a broken Vow.

Flaunt. What am I like to lose my *Tiny*? Canst thou have the heart to leave me for ever? I who have been true and constant to you,

Sir Tim. Alas! now do I melt again, by Fortune——thou art a Fool, dost think I wou'd have had her, but for her Fortune; which shall only serve to make thee out-flaunt all the Cracks in Town——go——go home and expect me, thou'lt have me all to thy self within this day or two.

Since Marriage but a larger Licence is
For every Fopp of Mode to keep a Miss. Epilogue.

Epilogue

Spoken by Sir Timothy Tawdrey.

SIR TIMOTHY, *Gallants, at last is come*
To know his Sentence, and receive his Doom.
But pray before you are resolv'd to be
Severe, look on your selves, and then on me;
Observe me well, I am a Man of Show,
Of Noise, and Nonsence, as are most of you.
Tho' all of you don't share with me in Title,
In Character you differ very little.
Tell me in what you find a difference?
It may be you will say, you're Men of Sence;
But Faith——
Were one of you o'th Stage, and I i'th' Pit,
He might be thought the Fopp, and I the Wit.
On equal Grounds you'll scarce know one from t'other;
We are as like, as Brother is to Brother.
To judge against me then wou'd be ill Nature,
For Men are kind to those they're like in Feature.
For Judges therefore I accept you all;
By you, SIR TIMOTHY *will stand or fall.*
He's too faint-hearted that his Sentence fears
Who has the Honour to be try'd by's Peers.

Written by Mr. E. R.

FINIS.

Playes Printed for *J. Magnes* and *R. Bentley*.

FOrced Marriage: Or the Jealous Bridegroom.
Tartuff: Or the French Puritan.
All Miſtaken: Or the Mad Couple.
Engliſh Monſieur.
Andromache.
Nero.
Miſtaken Husband.
Sophoniſba.
Caliſto: Or the Maſque at Court, Acted by the Lady *Mary* and the Lady *Anne*, and other Perſons of the higheſt quality.
Court of *Auguſtus Cæſar.*
Countrey Wit.
Abdelazer.
The Town-Fopp: Or *Sir Timothy Tawdrey.*
Madam Fickle: Or the Witty Falſe One.
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FRENCH NOVELLS.

L' Heureux Eſclave, Firſt Part.
L' Heureux Eſclave, Second Part.
Le Faux Comte de Brion.

THE TOWN-FOPP:

OR

Sir Timothy Tawdrey.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at his Royal Highneſs the DUKE's THEATRE.

Written by Mrs. *A. Behn.*

Licenſed *September* 20. 1676.
ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

LONDON,
Printed by *T. N.* for *James Magnes* and *Rich. Bentley* in *Ruſſel-ſtreet* in *Covent-garden* near the *Piazza's.*
M. DC. LXXVII.

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BODLEIANA · BIBLIOTHECA ·

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Plotwell	
Bellmour	Nephew to the Lord *Plotwell*, Contracted to *Celinda*.
Charles	Brother to *Bellmour*.
Friendlove	Brother to *Celinda*, in Love with *Diana*.
Sir Timothy Tawdrey	A Fopp Knight, design'd to Marry *Celinda*.
Sham	Hangers on to *Sir Timothy*.
Sharp	
Trusty	An old Steward to *Bellmour*'s Family.
Page and Dancers, and Servants.	
The Lady Diana	Neece to the Lord *Plotwell*.
Celinda	Sister to *Friendlove*, Contracted to *Bellmour*.
Phillis	Sister to *Bellmour*.
Betty Flauntit	kept by *Sir Timothy*.
Driver	A Bawd.
Jenny	Two Whores.
Doll	
Nurse.	

SCENE Covent-Garden.

As Countrey Squire who yet had never known
The long expected joy of being in Town;
Whose careful Parents scarce permitted Heir
To Ride from Home unless to Neighbouring Fair:
At last by happy Chance is hither led
To purchase Clap with loss of Maidenhead;
Turns wond'rous Gay, bedizen'd to Excess,
Till he is all Burlesque in Mode and Dress:
Learns to talk loud in Pit, grows Wily too,
That is to say, makes mighty Noise, and Show.
So a young Poet who had never been
Dabling beyond the height of Ballading;
Who, in his brisk Essayes, durst ne're excel
The lucky flight of Rhiming Dogerel,
Sets up with this sufficient Stock, on Stage,
And has, perchance, the luck to please the Age:
He draws you in, like cozening Citizen,
Cares not how bad the Ware, so Shop be fine.
As tawdry Gown and Petticoat gain more
(Tho' on a dull diseas'd ill-favor'd Whore)
Than prettier Frugal, tho' on Holy-day,
When every City Spark has leave to Play,
——Damn Her she must be Sound She is so Gay.
So let the Scenes be fine, you'll ne're inquire
For Sence, but lofty flights in nimble Wire.
——What we Present to Day is none of these;
But we cou'd wish it were, for we wou'd please,
And that you'll swear we hardly meant to do:
Yet here's no Sence; Pox on't, but here's no Show;
But a plain Story, that will give a taste
Of what your Grandsires lov'd i'th' Age that's past.

THE TOWN-FOPP: OR Sir TIMOTHY TAWDREY.

ACT. I.

Scene 1. *The Street.*

Enter Sir Timothy Tawdrey, Sham *and* Sharpe.

Sir Tim. HEreabouts is the House wherein dwells, the Mistriss of my heart; For she has money Boyes, mind me, money in abundance, or she were not for me—the Wench her self is good natur'd, and inclin'd to be civil, but a Pox on't—She has a Brother a conceited Fellow, whom the world mistakes for a fine Gentleman, for he has Travell'd, talks Languages, bows with a *haut meine*, and the rest, but by fortune he shall entertain you with nothing but words——

Sham. Nothing else? ——

Sir Tim. No — He's no Countrey Squire Gentlemen, will not Game, Whore, nay, in my Conscience you will hardly get your selves Drunk in his Company — He Treats A-la-mode, half Wine, half Water, and the rest — But to the business, this Fellow loves his Sister dearly, and will not trust her in this lewd Town, as he calls it, without him, and hither he has brought her to marry me.

Sham. A Pox upon him for his pains ——

Sir Tim. So say I — But my comfort is, I shall be as weary of her, as the best Husband of 'em all — But there's conveniency in it; besides, the match being as good as made up by the old Folks in the Countrey, I must submit —— The Wench I never saw yet, but they say she's handsom — But no matter for that, there's Money, my Boyes.

Sharp. Well Sir, we will follow you —— but as dolefully as people do their Friends to the Grave, from whence they're never to return, at least not the same substance, the thin airy Vision of a brave Good Fellow, we may see thee hereafter, but that's the most.

Sir Tim. Your pardon, sweet *Sharp*, my whole design in it is to be Master of my self, and with part of her Portion to set up my Miss, *Betty Flaunti*, which, by the way, is the main end of my Marrying, the rest you'll have your shares of —— Now I am forc'd to take you up Suits at dreble Prizes, have damn'd Wine and Meat put upon us, 'cause the Reckoning is to be Book'd: But ready Money ye Rogues! What Charms it has! Makes the Waiters flie Boyes, and the Maid after with Cap in hand—excuse what's amiss, Gentlemen —— Your Worship shall command the best—and the rest —— How briskly the Box and Dice dance, and the ready Money submits to the lucky Gamester, and the gay Wench consults with every Beauty to make her self agreeable to the Man with ready Money. In fine, dear Rogues! All things are sacrific'd to it's pow'r, and no Mortal conceives the joy of, Argent Content. 'Tis this pow'rful God that makes me submit to the Devil Matrimony, and then thou art assur'd of me, my stout Lads of brisk Debauch.

Sham. And is it possible you can be ty'd up to a Wife? Whil'st here in *London*, and free, you have the whole World to range in, and like a wanton Heifer, eat of every Pasture.

Sir Tim. Why dost think I'll be confin'd to my own dull Enclosure? No, I had rather feed coarsly upon the boundless Common, perhaps two or three dayes I may be in Love, and remain constant, but that's the most.

Sharp. And in three Weeks, should you Wed a *Cinthia*, you'd be a Monster.

Sir Tim. What, thou meanest a Cuckold, I warrant? God help thee! But a Monster is only so from its Rarity, and a Cuckold is no such strange thing in our Age.

Enter Bellmour *and* Friendlove.

But who comes here?

Bellmour! Ah my little dear Rogue! How dost thou!

——*Ned Friendlove* too! Dear Lad, how dost thou too?

Why welcome to Town i'faith, and I'm glad to see you both.

Friend. Sir Tim. Tawdrey! ——

Sir Tim. The same, by fortune, dear *Ned*; And how, and how Man, how go matters?

Friend. Between who Sir?

Sir Tim. Why any body Man: But, by fortune, I'm overjoy'd to meet thee: But whose dost think I was going?

Friend. Is't possible one should divine?

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Is't possible you shou'd not, and meet me so near your Sisters Lodgings? Faith I was coming to pay my Respects and Services, and the rest — Thou know'st my meaning — The old business of the Silver World *Ned*; by Fortune it's a mad Age, we live in *Ned*, and here be so many —— wicked Rogues, about this damn'd lewd Town, that 'Faith I am fain to speak, in the vulgar modish stile, in my own defence, and Rally Matrimony, and the rest.

Friend. Matrimony! —— I hope you are so exactly refin'd a Man of the Town, that you will not offer once to think of so dull a thing, let that alone for such cold complexions as *Belmour* here, and I that have not attain'd to that most excellent faculty of keeping yet, as you, *Sir Timothy*, have done, much to your glory, I assure you.

Sir Tim. Who I Sir? You do me much Honour: I must confess I do not find the softer Sex cruel; I am received as well as another Man of my Parts.

Friend. Of your Money, you mean Sir.

Sir Tim. Why Faith *Ned*, thou art i'th' right, I love to buy my pleasure, for, by Fortune, there's as much pleasure in Vanity and Variety, as any Sins I know; What think'st thou *Ned?*

Friend. I am not of your mind, I love to love upon the square; and that I may be sure not to be cheated with false Ware, I present 'em nothing but my heart.

Sir Tim. Yes, and have the consolation, of seeing your frugal Huswifery Miss, sit in the Pit, at a Play, in a long Scarf, and Night-gown, for want of Points, and Garniture.

Friend. If she be clean, and pretty, and dress't in Love, I can excuse the rest, and so will she.

Sir Tim. I vow to Fortune *Ned*, thou must come to *London*, and be a little manag'd: 'Slife Man, should'st thou talk so aloud in good Company, thou would'st be counted a strange Fellow, Pretty —and dress't with Love—a fine Figure, by Fortune; No, *Ned*, the painted Chariot, gives a Lustre, to every ordinary Face, and makes a Woman, look like Quality; ay, so like, by Fortune, that you shall not know one from t'other, till some scandalous, out-of-favor'd-laid-aside-Fellow of the Town, cry —— Damn her, for a Bitch — how scornfully the Whore regards me —— She has forgot since *Jack* — such a one, and I, club'd for the keeping of her, when both our Stocks, well manag'd, wou'd not amount to above seven shillings six pence a week; besides now and then a Treat of a Breast of Mutton, from the next Cooks — Then the other laughs, and cryes —— I —— Rott her —— And tells his Story too, and concludes with who manages the Gilt now? Why Faith some dismal Coxcomb or other, you may be sure, replies the first: But *Ned*, these are Rogues, and Rascals, that value no Mans Reputation, because they despise their own: But Faith I have laid aside all these vanities, now I have thought of Matrimony; but I desire my Reformation may be a secret, because, as you know for a

Man of my Addreſs, and the reſt —— 'Tis not altogether ſo Jantee.

Friend. Sir, I aſſure you, it ſhall be ſo great a Secret for me, that I will never ask you who the happy Woman is, that's choſen for this great work of your Converſion.

Sir Tim. Ask me! —— No, you need not, becauſe you know already.

Friend. Who I? I proteſt *Sir Timothy* ——

Sir Tim. No Swearing, dear *Ned*, for 'tis not ſuch a Secret, but I will truſt my Intimates; theſe are my Friends, *Ned*; pray know them —— This Mr *Sham* and this—by fortune, a very honeſt Fellow [*Bows to 'em.*] Mr *Sharp*, and may be truſted with a buſineſs that concerns you as well as me.

Friend. Me? What do you mean *Sir Timothy?*

Sir Tim. Why Sir, you know what I mean.

Friend. Not I Sir.

Sir Tim. What, not that I am to marry your Siſter *Celinda?*

Friend. Not at all.

Bell. O this unſufferable Sott! [*Aſide.*

Friend. My Siſter, Sir, is very nice.

Sir Tim. That's all one, Sir, the old People have adjuſted the matter, and they are the moſt proper for a Negotiation of that kind, which ſaves us the trouble of a tedious Courtſhip.

Friend. That the old People have agreed the matter, is more than I know.

Sir Tim. Why Lord Sir, will you perſuade me to that? don't you know that your Father (according to the method in ſuch caſes, being certain of my Eſtate) came to me thus--*Sir Timothy Tawdrey!* -- You are a young Gentleman, and a Knight, I knew your Father well, and my right worſhipful Neighbor, our Eſtates lie together, therefore Sir, I have a deſire to have a near Relation with you—At which, I interrupted him, and cry'd —Oh Lord Sir! I vow to Fortune, you do me the greateſt Honour Sir, and the reſt——

Bell. I can endure no more, he marry fair *Celinda?*

Friend. Prethee let him alone. [*Aſide.*

Sir Tim. To which he anſwer'd—I have a good Fortune—Have but my Son *Ned*, and this Girl, call'd *Celinda*, whom I will make a Fortune, ſutable to yours, your honoured Mother, the Lady *Tawdrey*, and I, have as good as concluded the match already. To which I (who, tho' I ſay it, am well enough bred for a Knight) anſwer'd the Civility thus—I vow to Fortune Sir — I did not ſwear, but cry'd—I proteſt Sir, *Celinda*, deſerves—no, no, I lye again, 'twas merits——I, *Celinda*—merits a much better Husband than I.

Friend. You ſpeak more truth than you are aware of. [*Aſide.*

Well, Sir, I'll bring you to my Siſter, and if ſhe likes you, as well as my Father

Father does, she's yours; otherwise, I have so much tenderness for her, as to leave her choice free.

Sir Tim. Oh Sir you Compliment. *Alons, Entrons.* [*Exeunt.*

Scene 2. *A Chamber.*

Enter Celinda, *and* Nurse.

Cel. I wonder my Brother stayes so long; sure Mr *Bellmour* is not yet arriv'd, yet he sent us word he would be here to day. Lord how impatient I grow.

Nur. Ay, so methinks if I had the hopes of enjoying so sweet a Gentleman, as Mr *Bellmour*, I shou'd be so too —— But I am past it —— Well, I have had my pantings, and heavings, my impatience, and qualms, my heats, and my colds, and my I know not whats —— But I thank my stars, I have done with all those Fooleries.

Cel. Fooleries! ——

Is there any thing in life but Love?
Wou'dst thou praise Heaven for thy Being,
Without that grateful part of it?
For I confess I Love.

Nur. You need not, your sighs, and daily (nay, and nightly too) disorders, plainly enough betray the truth.

Cel. Thou speak'st as if it were a Sin;
But if it be so, you your self help'd to make me wicked.
For e're I saw Mr *Bellmour*, you spoke the kindest things of him,
As would have mov'd the dullest Maid to Love;
And e're I saw him, I was quite undone.

Nur. Quite undone! Now God forbid it: What, for Loving?
You said but now there was no life without it.

Cel. But since my Brother came from *Italy*,
And brought young *Bellmour* to our house,
How very little thou hadst said of him;
How much above thy praise, I found the Youth?

Nur. Very pretty! You are grown a notable Proficient in Love —— And you are resolv'd (if he please) to Marry him.

Cel. Or I must dye.

Nur. I, but you know the Lord *Plotwell*, has the possession of all his Estate, and if he Marry without his liking, has power to take away all his Fortune, and then I think it were not so good Marrying him.

Cel. Not Marrying him! Oh canst thou think so poorly of me?
Yes, I wou'd Marry him, tho' our scanty Fortune,
Cou'd onely purchase us
A lonely Cottage, in some silent place,

All

All cover'd o're with Thatch,
Defended from the outrages of ſtorms
By leafleſs Trees, in Winter, and from heat,
With ſhades, which their kind Boughs wou'd bear anew,
Under whoſe Covert, wee'd feed, our gentle Flock;
That ſhou d in gratitude repay us Food,
And mean and humble Cloathing.

Nur. Very fine!

Cel. There we wou'd practiſe ſuch degrees of Love,
Such laſting, innocent, unheard of joyes,
As all the buſie World ſhould wonder at,
And amidſt all their Glories, find none ſuch.

Nur. Good lack! how prettily Love teaches his Scholars to prattle? —But hear ye, fair Mrs *Celinda*, you have forgot to what end and purpoſe you came to Town, not to Marry Mr *Bellmour*, as I take it—— but *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, that Spark of Men.

Cel. Oh name him not——Let me not in one moment
Deſcend from Heaven to Hell——
How came that wretched thing into thy Noddle?

Nur. Faith Miſtriſs I took pity of thee, I ſaw you ſo elevated with thoughts of Mr *Bellmour*, I found it neceſſary to take you down a degree lower.

Cel. Why did not Heaven make all Men like to *Bellmour?*
So ſtrangely ſweet and charming.

Nur. Marry come up you ſpeak well for your ſelf;
Oh intolerable loving Creature!
But here comes the utmoſt of your wiſhes.

Cel. My Brother, and *Bellmour!* with ſtrange Men!

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sir Timothy, Sham, *and* Sharpe.

Friend. Siſter, I've brought you here a Lover, this is the worthy perſon you have heard of, *Sir Timothy Tawdrey.*

Sir Tim. Yes, faith Madam, I am *Sir Timothy Tawdrey*, at your ſervice——Pray are not you Mrs *Celinda Dreſswell?*

Cel. The ſame, but cannot return your Compliment.

Sir Tim. Oh Lord, oh Lord, not return a Compliment, faith *Ned* thy Siſter's quite ſpoil d, for want of Town Education; 'tis pity, for ſhe's Deviliſh pretty.

Friend. She's modeſt, Sir, before Company; therefore theſe Gentlemen and I will withdraw into the next Room.

Cel. Inhumane Brother, will you leave me alone with this Sott?

Friend. Yes, and if you would be rid of the trouble of him, be not coy, nor witty; two things he hates.

Bell. 'Sdeath! Muſt ſhe be blown upon by that Fool?

Friend.

Friend. Patience dear *Frank*, a little while. [*Exeunt* Friendl. Bell. Sham *and* Sharpe.

[Sir Timothy *walks about the Room, expecting when* Celinda *should speak.*

Cel. Oh dear Nurſe, what ſhall I do?

Nur. I that ever help you at a dead Lift, will not fail you now.

Sir Tim. What a Pox not a word?

Cel. Sure this Fellow believes I'll begin.

Sir Tim. Not yet — ſure ſhe has ſpoke her laſt——

Nur. The Gentleman's good natur'd, and has took pity on you, and will not trouble you, I think.

Sir Tim. — Hey day, here's Wooing indeed — Will ſhe never begin trow — This ſome would call an excellent quality in her Sex — But a Pox on't I do not like it — Well, I ſee I muſt break ſilence at laſt —— Madam —— not anſwer me — ſhaw this is meer ill breeding — by Fortune — it can be nothing elſe — Oh my Conſcience, if I ſhould kiſs her, ſhe would not bid me ſtand off —— I'll try ——

Nur. Hold, Sir, you miſtake your Mark.

Sir Tim. So I ſhould, if I were to look in thy mouldy Chaps, good Matron —— Can your Lady ſpeak?

Nur. Try Sir.

Sir Tim. Which way?

Nur. Why ſpeak to her firſt.

Sir Tim. I never knew a Woman want a Cue, for that, but all that I have met with, were ſtill before-hand with me, in tittle tattle.

Nur. Likely thoſe you have met with may, but this is no ſuch Creature Sir.

Sir Tim. I muſt confeſs, I am unus'd to this kind of Dialogue,
And I am an Aſs, if I know what to ſay to ſuch a Creature,
— But come, will you anſwer me to one Queſtion?

Cel. If I can Sir.

Sir Tim But firſt I ſhould ask you if you can ſpeak?
For that's a Queſtion too.

Cel. And if I cannot, how will you be anſwer'd?

Sir Tim. Faith that's right; why then you muſt do't by ſigns.

Cel But grant I can ſpeak, what is't you'll ask me?

Sir Tim. Can you Love?

Cel. Oh yes, Sir, many things; I love my Meat, I love abundance of Adorers, I love choice of new Cloaths, new Playes, and like a right Woman, I love to have my Will.

Sir Tim. Spoke like a well-bred perſon, by Fortune; I ſee there's hopes of thee *Celinda*; thou wilt in time learn to make a very fashionable Wife, having ſo much Beauty too. I ſee Attracts, and Allurements, wanton Eyes, the languiſhing turn of the Head, and all that invites to Temptation.

Cel. Would that pleaſe you in a Wife?

Sir Tim. Pleaſe me, why Madam, what do you take me to be? a Sott? —— a Fool? —— or a dull *Italian*, of the humor of your Brother? —— No, no, I can aſſure you, ſhe that Marries me, ſhall have Franchiſe —— But my pretty Miſs, you muſt learn to talk a little more. ——

Cel. I have not Wit, and Senſe enough, for that.

Sir Tim. Wit! Oh la, O la, Wit! as if there were any Wit requir'd in a Woman when ſhe talks; no, no matter for Wit, or Senſe: talk but loud, and a great deal, to ſhew your white teeth, and ſmile, and be very confident, and 'tis enough. —— Lord what a ſight 'tis to ſee a pretty Woman ſtand right up an end in the middle of a Room, playing with her Fan, for want of ſomething to keep her in countenance. No, ſhe that is mine, I will teach to entertain at another rate.

Nur. How Sir? Why what do you take my young Miſtriſs to be?

Sir Tim. A Woman —— and a fine one, and ſo fine as ſhe, ought to permit her ſelf to be ſeen, and be ador'd.

Nur. Out upon you, would you expoſe your Wife; by my troth and I were ſhe, I know what I wou'd do. ——

Sir Tim. Thou do —— what thou wouldſt have done ſixty Years ago, thou meaneſt.

Nur. Marry come up, for a ſtinking Knight, worſe than I have gone down with you, e're now —— Sixty Years ago quoth ye —— As old as I am —— I live without Surgeons, wear my own Hair, am not in Debt to my Taylor, as thou art, and art fain to kiſs his Wife, to perſuade her Husband to be merciful to thee —— who wakes thee every morning with his Clamour and long Bills, at thy Chamber door.

Sir Tim. Prethee good Matron peace, I'll Compound with thee.

Nur. 'Tis more than thou wilt do with thy Creditors, who, poor Souls, deſpair of a Groat in the Pound for all thou ow ſt them, for Points, Lace, and Garniture —— for all in fine, that makes thee a complete Fopp.

Sir Tim. Hold, hold, thy eternal Clack.

Nur. And when none would truſt thee farther, give Judgments for twice the Money thou borroweſt, and ſwear thy ſelf at Age; and laſtly, —— to patch up your broken Fortune, you wou'd fain Marry my ſweet Miſtriſs *Celinda* here —— But 'faith Sir, you're miſtaken, her Fortune ſhall not go to the maintenance of your Miſſes, which being once ſure of, ſhe, poor Soul, is ſent down to the Countrey houſe, to learn Houſewifery, and live without Mankind, unleſs ſhe can ſerve her ſelf with the handſom Steward, or ſo —— whil'ſt you tear it away in Town, and live like Man and Wife with your Jilt, and are every day ſeen in the Glaſs Coach, whil'ſt your own natural Lady is hardly worth the hire of a Hack

Sir Tim. Why thou damnable confounded torment, wilt thou never ceaſe?

Nur.

Nur. No, not till you raiſe your Siege, and be gone; go march to your Lady of Love, and debauch — go — You get no *Celinda* here.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her tongue.

Cel. Good gentle Nurſe, have mercy upon the poor Knight.

Nur. No more Miſtriſs, than he'll have on you, if Heaven had ſo abandon'd you, to put you into his power: — Mercy—quoth ye—no, no more than his Miſtriſs will have, when all his money's gone.

Sir Tim. Will ſhe never end?

Cel. Prethee forbear.

Nur. No more, than the Uſurer would, to whom he has mortgag'd his beſt part of his Eſtate, would forbear a day after the promis'd payment of the money. Forbear—

Sir Tim. Not yet end: Can I Madam, give you a greater proof of my paſſion for you, than to endure this for your ſake?

Nur. This — thou art ſo ſorry a creature, thou wilt endure any thing, for the lucre of her fortune; 'tis that thou haſt a paſſion for: not that thou careſt for money, but to ſacrifice to thy lewdneſs, to purchaſe a Miſtriſs, to purchaſe the Reputation of as errant a Fool, as ever arriv'd at the honour of keeping, to purchaſe a little Grandeur, as you call it; that is, to make every one look at thee, and conſider what a Fool thou art, who elſe might paſs unreguarded amongſt the common crowd.

Sir Tim. The Devil's in her tongue, and ſo 'tis in moſt Womens of her Age; for when 't has quitted the Tail, it repairs to her upper Tire.

Nur. Do not perſuade me, Madam, I am reſolv'd to make him weary of his Wooing.

Sir Tim. So God be prais'd, the ſtorm is laid—And now Mrs. *Celinda*, give me leave to ask you, if it be with your leave, this affront is put on a Man of my Quality?

Nur. Thy Quality—

Sir Tim. Yes, I am a Gentleman, and a Knight.

Nur. Yes, Sir, Knight of the ill-favour'd Countenance is it?

Sir Tim. You are beholding to *Don Quixot* for that, and 'tis ſo many Ages, ſince thou couldſt ſee to read, I wonder thou haſt not forgot all that ever belong'd to Books.

Nur. My eye-ſight's good enough to ſee thee in all thy colours, thou Knight of the Burning Peſtle thou.

Sir Tim. Agen, that was out of a Play—heark ye Witch of *Endor*, hold your prating tongue, or I ſhall moſt well-favourdly Cudgel ye.

Nur. As your Friend the Hoſteſs has it in a Play too, I take it, Ends which you pick up behind the Scenes, when you go to be laught at even by the Player Women.

Sir Tim. Wilt thou have done, by Fortune I'll endure no more.

Nur. Murder, Murder. [*A Letter.*

Cel. Hold, hold.

Enter Friendlove, Bellmour, Sham and Sharpe.

Friend. Read here, the worst of News, that can arrive, —What's the matter here?—Why how now Sir *Timothy*, What up in Arms with the Women? [*Gives* Bellm. *a Letter.*

Sir Tim. Oh *Ned*, I'm glad thou'rt come—never was *Tom Dove* baited as I have been.

Friend. By whom? my Sister.

Sir Tim. No, no, that old Mastiff there; —the young Whelp, came not on, thanks be prais'd.

Bell. How, her Father here to morrow, and here he sayes, that shall be the last moment, he will defer the Marriage of *Celinda*, to this Sott—Oh God, I shall grow mad, and so undo 'em all—I'll kill the Villain at the Altar—By my lost hopes I will—And yet there is some left—Could I but—speak to her—I must relie on *Dresswells* friendship—Oh God to morrow—Can I endure that thought—Can I endure to see the Traytor there, who must to morrow rob me of my Heaven—I'll own my flame—and boldly tell this Fopp, she must be mine—

Friend. I assure you, *Sir Timothy*, I am sorry, and will chastise her.

Sir Tim. Ay Sir, I that am a Knight—a Man of Parts and Wit, and one that is to be your Brother, and design'd to be the glory of marrying *Celinda*.

Bell. I can endure no more—How Sir—You marry fair *Celinda*!

Sir Tim. Ay *Frank*, Ay—Is she not a pretty little plump white Rogue, hah—

Bell. Yes.

Sir Tim. Oh I had forgot, thou art a modest Rogue, and to thy eternal shame, hadst never the Reputation of a Mistriss—Lord, Lord, that I could see thee address thy self to a Lady—I fancy thee a very ridiculous Figure, in that posture, by Fortune.

Bell. Why Sir—I can Court a Lady—

Sir Tim. No, no, thou'rt modest; that is to say, a Country Gentleman; that is to say, Ill-bred; that is to say, a Fool by Fortune, as the World goes.

Bell. Neither Sir—I can Love—and tell it too—and that you may believe me—look on this Lady Sir—

Sir Tim. Look on this Lady Sir—Ha, ha, ha,—Well Sir—Well Sir—And what then—

Bell. Nay view her well Sir—

Sir Tim. Pleasant this—Well *Frank* I do—And what then?

Bell. Is she not charming Fair—Fair to a wonder!

Sir Tim. Well Sir, 'tis granted—

Bell. And canst thou think this Beauty meant for thee, for thee dull common Man?

Sir Tim.

Sir Tim. Very well, what will he fay next?

Bell. I fay, let me no more ſee thee approach this Lady.

Sir Tim. How Sir, how?

Bell. Not ſpeak to her, not look on her — by Heaven — not think of her.

Sir Tim. How *Frank*, art in earneſt?

Bell. Try, if thou dar'ſt?

Sir Tim. Not think of her —

Bell. No not ſo much as in a Dream, could I Divine it.

Sir Tim. Is he in earneſt Mr *Friendlove*?

Friend. I doubt ſo *Sir Timothy*.

Sir Tim. What does he then pretend to your Siſter?

Bell. Yes, and no Man elſe, ſhall dare do ſo.

Sir Tim. Take notice I am affronted in your Lodgings — for you *Bellmour* — You take me for an Aſs — therefore meet me to morrow morning about 5, with your Sword in your hand, behind *Southampton* Houſe.

Bell. 'Tis well — there we'll diſpute our Title to *Celinda*. [*Ex.*

Dull Animal! Ye Gods cou'd ne're Decree
So bright a Maid ſhou'd be poſſeſt by thee.

The End of the First Act.

ACT. II.

Scene 1. *A Palace.*

Enter Nurſe *with a Light.*

Nur. WEll, 'tis an endleſs trouble, to have the Tuition of a Maid in Love, here is ſuch Wiſhing and Longing — And yet one muſt force them to what they moſt deſire, before they will admit of it — Here am I ſent out a Scout of the Foſorn Hope, to diſcover the approach of the Enemy — Well — Mr. *Bellmour*, you are not to know, 'tis with the conſent of *Celinda*, that you come — I muſt bear all the blame, what miſchief ſoever comes of theſe Night-works.

Enter Bellmour.

Oh are you come — Your hour was Twelve, and now 'tis almoſt Two.

Bell. I could not get from *Friendlove* — Thou haſt not told *Celinda* of my coming.

Nur. No, no, ee'n make peace for me, and your ſelf too.

Bell. I warrant thee Nurſe——Oh how I hope and fear this nights ſucceſs! [*Exeunt.*

Scene *a Chamber,*
Celinda *in her Night Attire, leaning on a Table.*

Enter to her Bellmour *and* Nurſe.

Cel. Oh Heavens! Mr. *Bellmour* at this late hour in my Chamber!

Bell. Yes, Madam; but will approach no nearer till you permit me;
And ſure you know my Soul too well to fear.

Cel. I do Sir, and you may approach yet nearer,
And let me know your buſineſs.

Bell. Love is my buſ'neſs, that of all the world
Only my flame as much ſurmounts the reſt
As is the Objects beauty, I adore.

Cel. If this be all, to tell me of your Love,
To morrow might have done as well.

Bell. Oh no, to morrow would have been too late,
Too late to make returns to all my pain.
—What diſagreeing thing offends your Eyes?
I've no deformity about my Perſon,
I'm Young, and have a Fortune great as any
That do pretend to ſerve you;
And yet I find my intereſt in your heart,
Below thoſe happy ones that are my Rivals.
Nay, every Fool that can but plead his Title,
And the poor intereſt that a Parent gives him,
Can merit more than I.
——What elſe my lovely Maid can give a freedom
To that ſame talking, idle Knighted Fopp.

Cel. Oh if I am ſo wretched to be his,
Surely I cannot live,
For, Sir, I muſt confeſs I cannot love him.

Bell. But thou may'ſt do as bad, and marry him,
And that's a ſin, I cannot over live.
——No, hear my Vows——

Cel. But are you Sir in earneſt?

Bell. In earneſt? Yes, by all that's good I am;
I Love you more than I do Life, or Heav'n!

Cel. Oh what a pleaſure 'tis to hear him ſay ſo! [*Aſide.*
—But pray, how long Sir, have you Lov'd me ſo?

Bell. From the firſt moment that I ſaw your Eyes,

Your

Your charming killing Eyes, I did adore 'em,
And ever ſince have languiſht day and night.
Nur. Come, come, ne're ſtand asking of queſtions,
But follow your inclinations, and take him at his word.
Bell. Celinda, take her counſel,
Perhaps this is the laſt opportunity;
Nay, and by Heaven the laſt of all my Life,
If you refuſe me now——
Say, will you never marry Man but me?
Cel. Pray give me till to morrow, Sir, to anſwer you;
For I have yet ſome fears about my Soul
That take away my reſt.
Bell. To morrow! You muſt then marry——oh fatal word!
Another! a Beaſt, a Fool, that knows not how to value you.
Cel. Is't poſſible my Fate ſhou'd be ſo near?
Nur. Nay then diſpoſe of your ſelf, I ſay, and leave diſſembling, 'tis high time.
Bell. This night the Letter came, the dreadful News
Of thy being married, and to morrow too.
Oh anſwer me, or I ſhall die with fear.——
Cel. I muſt confeſs it, Sir, without a bluſh,
(For 'tis no ſin to Love) that I cou'd wiſh——
Heaven and my Father, were inclin'd my way.
But I am all obedience to their wills.
Bell. That Sigh was kind,
But ere to morrow this time,
You'll want this pitying ſenſe, and feel no pantings,
But thoſe which joyes and pleaſures do create.
Cel. Alas Sir! what is't you'd have me do?
Bell. Why—— I wou'd have you Love, and after that
You need not be inſtructed what to do.
Give me your Faith, give me your Solemn Vow.
To be my Wife, and I ſhall be at peace.
Cel. Have you conſider'd, Sir, your own condition,
'Tis in your Uncles power to take your Fortune,
If in your choice you diſobey his will.
——And Sir, you know that mine is much below you.
Bell. Oh I ſhall calm his Rage,
By urging ſo much Reaſon as thy Beauty,
And my own flame, on which my Life depends.
——He now has kindly ſent for me to *London*,
I fear his buſ'neſs——
Yet if you'll yield to marry me,
We'll keep it ſecret, till our kinder Stars
Have made proviſion for the bleſt diſcovery.

Come

Come give me your Vows, or we muſt part for ever.
Cel. Part! oh 'tis a fatal word!
I will do any thing to ſave that Life,
To which my own ſo nearly is alli'd.

Enter Friendlove.

Friend. So forward Siſter!
Bell. Ha! *Friendlove!*
Friend. Was it ſo kindly done to gain my Siſter
Without my knowledge?
Bell. Ah Friend! 'Twas from her ſelf alone
That I wou'd take the bleſſing which I aſk.
Friend. And I'll aſſiſt her, Sir, to give it you.
Here take him as an Honour, and be thankful.
Bell. I as a bleſſing ſent from Heaven receive her,
And e're I ſleep will juſtifie my Claim,
And make her mine.
Friend. Be not ſo haſty Friend:
Endeavor firſt to reconcile your Uncle to't.
Bell. By ſuch delayes we're loſt: Haſt thou forgot?
To morrow ſhe's deſign'd anothers Bride!
Friend. For that let me alone t' evade.
Bell. If you muſt yet delay me;
Give me leave not to intereſt ſuch wealth without ſecurity.
And I *Celinda* will inſtruct you how to ſatisfie my fears, [*Kneels, and takes her by the hand.*
Bears witneſs to my Vows—
May every Plague that Heaven inflicts on Sin,
Fall down in thunder on my head,
If e're I marry any but *Celinda*,
Or if I do not marry thee fair Maid.
Nur. Heartily ſworn as I vow.
Cel. And here I wiſh as ſolemnly the ſame.
— May all arrive to me,
If e're I marry any Man but *Bellmour!*
Nur. We are Witneſſes as good as a thouſand.
Friend. But now my Friend, I'de have you take your leave, the day comes on apace, and you've not ſeen your Uncle, ſince your arrival.
Bell. 'Tis death to part with thee my fair *Celinda*,
But our hard Fates, impoſes this ſeparation;
—Farewell—Remember thou'rt all mine.
Cel. What have I elſe of joy to think upon—
—— Go—go — depart.
Bell. I will—— but 'tis as Miſers part with Gold,
Or people full of Health depart from Life.

Friend,

Friend. Go, Sister, to your Bed, and dream of him. [*Ex. Cel. and Nurse.*

Bell. Whilſt I prepare to meet this Fopp to fight him.

Friend. Hang him, he'll ne're meet thee; to beat a Watch, or kick a Drawer, or batter Windows, is the higheſt pitch of Valor he e're arriv'd to.

Bell. However I'll expect him, leſt he be Fool-hardy enough to keep his word.

Friend. Shall I wait on thee?

Bell. No, no, there's no need of that —— Good morrow my beſt Friend.

Friend. But e're you go, my deareſt Friend and Brother,
Now you are ſure of all the joyes you wiſh
From Heav'n, do not forgetful grow, of that great truſt
I gave you of all mine, but like a Friend
Aſſiſt me in my great concern of Love
With fair *Diana*, your lovely Cozen;
You know how long, I have ador'd that Maid,
But ſtill her haughty Pride repell'd my flame,
And all its fierce efforts.

Bell. She has a ſpirit equal to her Beauty
As mighty and tyrannick, yet ſhe has goodneſs,
And I believe enough inclin'd to Love,
When once her Pride's orecome; I have the honour
To be the Confident of all her thoughts:
And to augment thy hopes, 'tis not long ſince,
She did with ſighs confeſs to me, ſhe Lov'd
A Man ſhe ſaid ſcarce equal to her Fortune;
But all my intereſt could not learn the Object:
But it muſt needs be you, by what ſhe ſaid
This I'll improve, and ſo to your advantage ——

Friend. I neither doubt thy Induſtry, nor Love,
Go and be careful of my Int'reſt there,
Whilſt I preſerve thine as intirely here. [*Ex. ſeverally.*

Scene 2.

Enter Sir Timothy, Sham *and* Sharp.

Sharp. Good morrow *Sir Timothy*, what not yet ready, and to meet Mr. *Bellmour* at five, the time's paſt.

Sir Tim. ——Ay Pox on't——I han't ſlep to night for thinking on't.

Sham Well *Sir Timothy*, I have moſt excellent News for you, that will do as well, I have found out—

Sir Tim.